CAMPO-MVSÆ:
ÒR THE
FIELD-MVSINGS
OF CAPTINE
GEORGE VVITHER,

Touching his Militarie ingagement for the KING and PARLIAMENT, the Juſtneſſe of the ſame, and the diſtractions of theſe Iſlands.

Dedicated to his Excellencie, the EARLE of ESSEX,

Lord Generall for the KING and PARLIAMENT.

DEVS dabit his quoque finem.

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M. DC. XLIII.

AM not I now in *England*? Is not this
The *Thames*? Is not that *London*? Sure it is,
Me thinks that vaſt, and ancient ſtructure, there,
Looks juſt like *Paules*, and that like *Weſtminſter*,
Lo, yon is *High-gate*, yon is *Hamſted mill*,
There *Banſted-downes*, there *Kent*, there *Shooters-hill*.
This doubtleſſe is that *Countrey*: but why then,
Are here now living ſo few *Engliſhmen*?
Are all thoſe *Engliſhmen* which now I ſee?
All true bred *Engliſhmen*? the Devill they be.
Indeed I finde there are a few among them;
And for their ſakes I will not ſo much wrong them,
To ſay the *Land* hath none within thoſe veines
The bloude of our old *Worthies* yet remaines.
But, out of queſtion, if the greateſt part
Were not a mungrell-brood, and without heart,
They could not lye ſo tamely in their beds,
And ſee what *Plague* their *Countrey* over ſpreads:
Yea ſeem content, to be inſlav'd to *ſlaves*,
And carie guilt, and curſes, to their graves.
Parhaps they are aſleep. Ho! *Engliſhmen!*
Awake and be your ſelfe, yet, once agen.
Heark, how the Trumpet ſounds! heark how the Drum
Beats up, and calls in Engliſh, *Come*, *Come*, *Come*!
Heark how the ghoſts of your poore *Brethren*, ſlain,
And maſſacred in *Ireland*, do complain,
And call for vengence! heark how loud they cry,
And threaten, if you paſſe their murders by?
Heark how the Countrey round about you mourns
See in how many parts it flames and burnes!
Mark what a deſolation, in one year,
Is broken in among us! and how near
Our juſt and everlaſting ruine drawes.
If we become no warmer in this *Cauſe*!
And that your cooled *zeal* may re-inflame,
Take up this *Paper*, and now light the ſame.

CAMPO-MVSÆ:

OR,

THE FIELD-MUSINGS of Captaine *GEORGE WITHER.*

The Contents.

A Queſtion preſuppos'd, the Muſe
Replieth and her freedome ſhewes:
Tells with what heart, With what intent
This Warre *her POET under-went.*
Averres, that Reaſon, and the Lawes
Will juſtifie him in his Cauſe:
The publike woe *ſhe doth expreſſe,*
Lamenteth, and implores redreſſe:
Fights Combats With Deluſive-Reaſon,
Her Partie *to acquite from* Treaſon:
Their hearts encourageth to doe
What GOD and Nature cals them to.
And many matters here and there
Inſerteth, not related here.
Then mentioneth a Voice *of PEACE*
That She hath heard, and there doth ceaſe:
Intending, ere She will proceed,
To make ſome proofe how this may ſpeed.

YES, now Ile *write* againe, and neither care
Though nor *Apollo* aid me, nor the NINE:
Nor whether *Mars*, nor *Mercurie*, appeare.
Croſſe, or in Sextile, Quadrine, or in Trine.
Nor careſull am I, whether HEE, or SHEE,
Be pleaſed, or diſpleaſed, with my *Muſe:*
For, none to ſooth, or vex, my *Muſings* be:
But, now I *write*, becauſe I cannot chuſe.

To anſwer each mans curious expectation
Who asks why *thus* I ſaid, why *this* I do,
Is not the ſcope of my determination,
Though ſome-what here conduces thereunto.
The *Sword* hath had his turn, and now the *Pen*
Advanced is to play her part agen.
The naked SVVORD and PEN my *Cornet* bears;
Pro REGE, LEGE, GREGE thereupon
To be my *Motto* for the *Field* it wears:
And ſhewes for whom this *Warfare* we begun,
But, *Rymes* and *Reaſons* growing out of date,
And *Pens* (leſſe modeſt now then heretofore)
Such lies and railings have divulg'd, of late,
That I once thought to touch my *Pen* no more.
Beſides (with griefe) I have obſerv'd in thoſe
Whoſe judgements have moſt need of Reformation,
That there is left no powre in *Verſe* or Proſe,
To make them wiſe, or move to Reformation.
For *Wiſdomes* Charmes, and *Reaſons* beſt concluſions
Beget but *Furies*, and enlarge *Confuſions*.
Yet ſince my muzings, when I ſhall be dead,
(And lie unactive in a lonely roome)
May peradventure to good uſe be read,
By men reſerv'd for better times to come:
And, ſince it will not onely be an eaſe
To mine owne heart, my num'rous thoughts to vent,
But alſo may ſome honeſt Readers pleaſe,
Ev'n in theſe times of gen'rall diſcontent.
Yea, leſt malignant cenſures paſſed on
My late ingagement for the publique peace,
Should (if I ſilent to my grave had gone)
Have cauſed *falſe-opinion* to increaſe.
My *Pen* I re-ſum'd in hope, to ſhew
My *practice* never prov'd my words untrue.
My *Pen* I re-ſum'd; and (full of matter)
Sate downe to write: but, ere I ought expreſt,

The

The Trumpet ſounding, all my thoughts did ſcatter,
And gave me, ſince that houre, but little reſt.
Diſtractive times, diſtractive muzings yeeld,
Expect not therefore method now from me,
But ſuch as fits *Minerva* in the *Field*,
Where interruptions and confuſions be.
Like or diſlike, I ſome-what now will ſay
Which muſt be heard, and heard to purpoſe too;
At leaſt in gaining heed, or making way
For what (if need require) is yet to doe.
When *ſin* and ſelfe-conceit be fooles the *wiſe*,
They muſt be taught by thoſe whom they deſpiſe.
For, let not theſe *Field muzings* be ſuppos'd
The fruitleſſe flaſhings of a *Giddy wit*,
Becauſe in *meaſured-words* they are compos'd,
Which many judge for ſerious works unfit,
Nor let them counted be as ſleight invention,
Though *ſouldier-like* blunt complements I uſe,
That I may draw thoſe fooles to give attention,
Who will not elſe perhaps regard my *Muſe*.
He that hath matter that concerns the King,
Comes not and ringles at the doore with feare;
But knockes, untill he mekes the Palace ring,
And ſpurnes it open, if they will not heare:
Ev'n ſo do I; and thinke I have done well
To make my language like the tale I tell.
If I ſhall mention what ſome would not heare,
The faults not mine: for if men madly do,
I am a thing which once in twentie yeare
Shall ſeeme to be a kind of mad men too.
And though mean-while my Calling I purſue,
(Seeming to heed the times as they do me)
Yet am I alwayes mindfull of my kue,
And act my part, when I my time ſhall ſee.
One while I chide; ſome times faire words I give
To praiſe men into what I faine would have them:

And when thoſe Favours I miſplac'd perceive,
I call them backe, and am aſham'd I gave them.
When thus I faile, my *Fancie* prompts me then,
But, now another *Spirit* guides my Pen.
I will not blame the *Times*, though bad they be,
Nor to the jeering world bemoan my Lot:
For, to theſe dayes my God appointed me,
And guards me ſo, that miſchiefe hurts me not.
My *Birth* I had in bleſt *ELIZA'S* reigne;
To *JAMES*, I blaz'd the ſins of wanton Peace,
For thoſe rewards which *Truth* will ever gaine,
Where *Nobles* riſe by *Pieties* decreaſe. (ing neare.
To *CHARLES* I ſhew'd what *Plagues* were draw-
And, ſaw them come, ere I beliefe could gaine.
And, when they came, I ſaw the chiefeſt care
Was, how each Foole his Bable might obtaine.
For, warnings are on wilfull ſinners loſt,
Till honour, pleaſure, life and ſoule it coſt.
Sin not repented, (but augmented rather)
The violl, poured forth, began to ſpread;
The ſpreading miſchief ſtill more ſtrength did gather,
And, every day new plagues of poyſon bred.
Diviſions then aroſe, which did increaſe,
And, into *Sub-diviſions* branch about,
Which overthrew the Pillars of our Peace,
And, drew good *Order*, *Law*, and *Juſtice* out.
Theſe Evils, with my Pen, I long with-ſtood,
And bold reproofes in *Tyrants* faces threw;
But, when I ſaw my *Pen* could do no good,
With other *Patriots* my *Sword* I drew:
For, who that weares a *Sword* needs feare to draw,
To ſave the *King*, the *People*, and the *Law*?
I drew it not in rage, or private hate,
Or to increach on *Prince* or *Peoples-right*,
Or to recrute a ruined eſtate;
But, that both *Prince* and *People* guard it might.

I vvas not arm'd to violate the Crowne,
Or pleaſe the fancies of a fickle braine,
To ſet one up, or pull another downe,
Or Schiſme, or Superſtition to maintaine:
But, fought our *Fathers* honour to defend;
Our *Mother*, from his jealous rage to ſave;
To bring their baſe abuſers to that end,
Which *Traiterous flatterers* deſerve to have:
And he that armes himſelfe to this intent,
Shall ne're be *ſhamed*, though he may be *ſhent*.
I therefore boldly marched to the *Field*,
Not unreſolv'd, or ſtagg'ring in the Cauſe.
I made my *Pray'rs* my ſhot, *Firme-faith* my ſhield;
My Breaſt-vvorks are *Good-Conſcience*, and the *Lawes*.
I ſtood not off, vvhen I was called on,
To marke what *Peeres* or *Commons* led the way;
To thinke I might be *made*, or quite *undone*,
Or vvhether ſide vvas like to get the day.
But of the Publike Ruine vvas my feare,
Or, of thoſe Plagues for which the *Sword* makes roome:
And, of the barbarouſneſſe vvhich every where
Is like to follow, where his followers come.
And, could have wiſh'd it had as eaſie bin
To drive out miſchiefes, as to fetch them in.
The cure propos'd, though very ſharpe it be,
And threatens loſſe of members, and of blood;
Before it was adventur'd on by me,
Appeared needfull for the *Common-good*,
According to my Fortune and my place
I therefore further'd it, not diſcontent,
Though others had the publike thank and grace
For that, which I in private did invent.
Where I then liv'd, I was the firſt of thoſe
Who did contribute to my *Countries* aid;
And (though it may be cenſur'd by her Foes
An evil ſigne) I joy to heare it ſaid,

That in thoſe parts I was the firſt of all
To whom a totall Plunder did befall.
And ſure it was for good it ſo befell:
For, he that is inrowled for the *Warr*
Shall never proſecute that *Calling* well
If he intangled be with other Cares.
Affaires of Peace effeminate the Minde?
A Barne well filled, and a houſe well fraught,
Are not with eaſe, for poverty reſign'd.
Till they from us, or we from them are caught.
For, who thoſe things can willingly forſake,
Of which, he ſeeles he may have daily need?
Who can to wants and wounds himſelfe betake
That may at home, with eaſe, on plenties feed?
Or who can fight that's clog'd with Carts & *Ploughs*
Books, Houſhold ſtuffe, Teems, Oxen, Sheep & Cows
Such things as theſe did ne're affect me much,
But for their ſakes, of whom I muſt have care:
Nor did their loſſe my heart ſo nearly touch
As their neglects, who thereof Cauſers were,
For, if my Councells have been duly heeded,
And my *Preſages* timely beene beleev'd,
The rage of War had not ſo far proceeded,
As me to Rob, and others to have griev'd:
Yea, had the *Caſtle* (to my care committed
Without ſupply of mony, meat, or Men,
Save my halfe Troope) been well and timely fitted
With what was needfull and long ſought, e're then.
I ſhould not ſure, from thence have called bin,
To let the Kingdomes foes come ſafely in.
Nor to their dammage or their detriment,
Who me to that command, had freely choſe,
Had I unto a nother place been ſent,
Expoſing them, unarmed, to their foes:
Nor (when a Ground work I had alſo laid,
Which had not only probably ſecur'd

Thoſe parts, from that whereof they were afraid,
But, alſo, to the Bordering *Shires* aſſur'd
Good likelihoods of ſafety) ſhould my Care
And Propoſitions, have been quite neglected,
By thoſe, to whom they firſt propoſed were;
If they, the *Cauſe*, or *Me*, had well affected:
Nor had ſo ill (thereby) our *Partie* ſped:
Nor had, our Foes, by that meanes gather'd head.
Nay, if an Envie of the place I had.
Or ſome diſigne of theirs who brake their Truſt,
Had not the way for my removall made
To let in miſchiefe, at a nicke ſo juſt,
So many had not murthred been ſo ſoon
(Of my Malignant Neighbours in that *Shire*)
To force my Houſe; my Goods to ſeize upon,
And, ſhew ſuch malice, and ſuch furie there.
Nor had I met affronts in other kindes
As I have done; But what among us, be
Some, that do walke our wayes, with other minds,
With other hopes, and purpoſes, then we.
But, let them take their courſe, my courſe is weigh'd;
And, Words, not Deeds, ſhal make my heart affraid.
What I reſolv'd on, hath had firme foundations,
Not laid in ſands, or built upon with ſticks,
Nor garniſhed with vaine Imaginations.
Or kept repair'd with fallacies and tricks.
I was not frighted by the *Proclamations*,
Penn'd by abuſers of the *Royall-Name*:
Nor ſtartled by thoſe tidious *Declarations*,
Which with more *Wit* then *Truth*, full fraughted came.
I knew how *Lawyers* and *Divines* had cheated
The World ere then; and when the *holy-Text*,
Or, *Lawes*, were miſapply'd or miſrepeated,
Or, with falſe Comments wreſted, or perplext.
And falſhood moves not me, although it brings,
The Votes of *Doctors*, and the threat of *Kings*.

My heart, the ſtorms of danger did not ſhake,
Faire promiſes (which have ſo many caught)
On me, the leaſt impreſſion could not make,
Though where I ſerve I ſcarce worth heed am thought;
Nor was I moved much to ſee, that ſome
(Who *Stars* appear'd) in their firſt Love did faile,
Becauſe I knew the time was fully come,
Which tries our firmneſſe by the *Dragon-Taile*.
Nor ſtart I at thoſe Cenſures, who have ſaid,
That, what I counſell'd, I have left undone;
That, from mine own *Predictions* I have ſtraid,
And made them erre, if they amiſſe have gone.
For, they that have miſtaken *Truth-divine*,
And wreſt *Gods* Word, may ſoon miſconſtrue mine.
To ſay in *Words*, that ſo, or ſo, I meant,
I thought not halfe ſo pow'rfull, as to ſhow
By active proofs, the truth of my intent,
And teach by *Deeds*, which way men ought to go,
When therefore that great *Councel* call'd for aide,
(With whom the *Kings-ſhip* alwayes doth reſide,
In whoſe Commands, the *Kings* are beſt obey'd,
From whom the King cannot himſelf divide)
To ſerve the *King* and Parliament, I came
So loyally, that, if it *Treaſon* be,
I will not aske a pardon for the ſame,
Nor thanke him for it, who ſhall give it me:
But laugh at him, who ſhould that Triſle bring,
Diſdaine to live, and die. and be a *King*.
For, no man honours, no man loveth more
The *Soveraigne-Perſon*, then I did; and do:
For Him I therefore feared long before,
What *Ill-adviſers* now have brought Him to.
I told Him, when He was but newly crown'd,
(As plainly as my *Warrant* gave me leave)
Thoſe things which *He* and *We* too true have found,
Yet ſtill miſ-informations him deceive.

Yea,

Yea, though the ſtile of *Rebell* now I beare,
My *Prayers* for him, have before the LORD
Stood *eighteen years*; and, yet before him are.
(To teſtifie my love) upon * *Record* * *Brit. Ke.*
And all his *Captains*, *Armes* and *Armies* to *memb.*
Secure him not, as thoſe my *Prayers* doe. *Cant.* 1.
That which I pray'd for then, I pray for yet,
I fight for now. Becauſe, I held this, ever,
That, whatſoe're to pray for ſhould be fit,
For that we are obliged to endeavour.
I know that by *Allegiance* I am bound
To what eſſentially thereto pertaines;
Not to bare complements, or to the ſound
Which of that *Duty*, lying flattry faignes,
Much leſſe to that which totally deſtroies
This *Virtues* eſſence; and whereby the *King*
Our loyaltie againſt himſelfe employes,
And to deſtruction, his owne *Houſe* may bring.
Such miſcheeves, therefore, that I might prevent,
I ſided for *Him*, with his *Parliament*.
Thereby to ſerve two *Maſters* I aſſaid,
Till I by their *Diviſions* was undone:
And ſaw three *Kingdomes* by ſome Acts ill plaid,
In danger to be neither two nor one.
I ſided not, but as a *Stander-by*.
Who hath two friends at ods and loving either.
Feares that in *one*, the loſſe of *both* may lye,
And (in thoſe two) of all his joyes together.
If either I oppoſe, I doe it more
To ſave then wound: and to prevent that blow,
Which, he that gave it, in his heart had bore,
If through that other, we had let it goe,
And, he that thinks this duty doth him wrong,
May finde a *Friend*, but ſhall not keep him long.
I moved not thus farre, but by Command
Of *Soveraigne-Pow'r*, whereto if it be *Treaſon*

To yeeld Obedience, we mnſt underſtand.
They *Traytors* are, who walk by *Law* and *Beaſon.*
The *Soveraigne-perſon* may command that thing
For which, the *Soveraigne-Pow'r* if I ſhall do it,
Me to the Gallowes for my paines may bring,
And hang me with my Pardon when I ſhow it
Becauſe when *Soverasgne Power* doth ought command,
Therein, the *Soveraigne-Perſon* is contain'd
So fully, that by *Law*, no deed can ſtand
In oppoſition there unto maintain'd,
And he by whom this *Truth* is not believ'd
Is taught by *Fooles*, or elſe by *Knaves* deceiv'd.
Nor *King* nor *Parliament* doe I affect
For private ends; nor did they e're beſtow
On me the leaſt appearance of reſpect,
More then what they to all men uſe to ſhow,
Nor can I hope, that what I doe or write
(Till men grow better) an effect ſhall bring,
Sufficiant to preſerve me from deſpight,
Though favour'd both by *Parliament* and *King*:
How then, or by what bait have I been caught,
That I for *Balams* wages have been ſaid
To contradict the * Meſſages I bronght?
And from my owne good Counſells to have ſtraid?
Or who can ſay whoſe tongue it ſhall become,
That my *Allegiance* I have ſwerved from?
As elſe where I have writ, ſo write I here,
No hand againſt the *King* that is, no hand
We ſhould againſt his *Royall Perſon* reare
Thongh he injoyn'd a tyrannous command.
Nor ſhould a *private man*, or *private pow'r*
Take armes againſt him, though he ſhould intend
Them in their innocencie to devoure.
Save meerly their own perſons to defend.
For ſhould each petty member of a State
Be armed at his pleaſure, for Offence,

*Brit Rememb.

Their

Their breaches of the peace would ruinate
Themſelves, the whole *Republicke*, and the *Prince*
And, ſhould a *King* from violence, not be free,
Till God ſhall ſtricke; none ſo unſafe as he.
Yet, when by wicked Connſellers miſled,
A *King*, ſhall his whole Kingdome ſo oppreſſe,
That, he, therewith appears indangered:
Me thinks, it were a Tenant reaſonleſſe
To ſay, there were not in a *Parliament*
Such, as is our (or if no ſuch we had)
No power in his Liege-people to prevent
The hazard of a conſequence, ſo bad:
Or that they might not lay upon their King
A charitable, and reſtraining-hand,
To ſtop him from purſuing that raſh thing,
Which might undue himſelfe and all the Land:
Or, that there were not nat'rally a right
In *Them*, againſt his will, for *Him*, to fight.
When by the fawnings of ſome cunning-whore:
A nat'rall *Father* ſhall bee ſo miſled,
As that he beats his children out of doore,
And cauſeleſſe drives their mother from his bed,
Beleeving they are baſtards, ſhe unchaſte;
And, fir'd with jealouſies, attempteth further,
To burne his houſe, to lay his dwelling waſte,
And with his family, himſelfe to murther:
As, then, that *Family*, with an intent
Him, from his ill-adviſers, to withdraw,
(And his, and their deſtruction, to prevent)
May lay reſtraining hands, by Natures law,
On ſuch a father, and yet therein be
Preſerv'd from breach of houſhold-duties, free.
So, when the *Father* of our *Countrey*, ſhall
By Flatteries, be drawn to ſuch a courſe,
As may produce his own and Kingdomes fall,
Vnleſſe we intervene, by timely force;

And, when, ſo loyally, the ſame is done,
That to our utmoſt powers, we ſtill aſſay
Not how to ſave his life, and rights alone,
But how his honour, too, preſerve we may:
The Laws of *God*, of *Nature*, and of *Reaſon*,
Will, doubtleſſe, warrant it, in their deſpight
Who brand it with *Rebellion*, and with *Treaſon*;
By ſhamefull Termes, from lawfull deeds, to fright;
Elſe, cut-throat *Paraſites*, are onely they
Whom for the trueſt *Liege-men*, count we may.
That we have thus ingenuouſly proceeded.
Nor waging war, nor our diſtruſts revealing,
Till our affaires thoſe actions highly needed,
(And, made each Grievance fully ripe for telling)
Our conſciance aſſure us; thongh the ſlanders
Of our Oppoſers, have our Truths beli'd,
And led the people throwgh thoſe dark *Mæanders*,
Which our fair dealings, and their frauds, may hid.
And, therefore ſhould the *King*, by willfull ſtay
Among that crue, miſcarry in the fight,
(Which to prevent, we ſtill ſhall watch and pray)
Vpon our heads, the blame ſhould not alight;
For, who that woes the Plague, hath health aſſur'd?
Or who can ſave, what will not be ſecur'd?
I came (as I profeſſe) with ſingle heart,
To ſtay the miſchiefe, which I ſaw begun:
And, entred, with my *SWord*, to act that part,
Which, without blame, I knew not how to ſhun.
For, when God calls for *blood*, and will not heare
Our pray'rs, untill (his Juſtice to appeaſe)
Thoſe *Beaſts* among us ſacrificed are,
Whoſe life prolong'd prolongeth our diſeaſe;
'Tis time we ſhould obſerve, that we, like *Saul*,
Thoſe Flockes, and thoſe *Amalakites*, have ſpar'd,
Whoſe preſervation may become our Fall;
If his commands, no better we regard.

'Tis

'Tis time, thought I, that in the gap we ſtand,
To ſtop the breach, that elſe will drown the land.
The *Red Horſe* then appear'd; and thereupon
That *Rider* forth advanc'd at whoſe command
Thoſe bloody executions muſt be done,
Which both defile, and purge a ſinfull Land.
A mixed multitude made up our *Traine*,
Which God for divers ends together brought;
Some, to avenge his cauſe; ſome, to be ſlaine;
Some that Repentance in them might be wrought.
Our Army being rais'd the *Trumpet* ſounds;
The *Colours* are diſplay'd, the *Drums* doe beat:
To make a paſſage throw blood and wounds
For *Iuſtice*, *Truth* and *Peace*, we forward ſet.
And whilſt we marcht, my heart, with thoughts con-
Was over-fill'd; and thus I ſadly mus'd. fus'd
Thoſe dreadfull Tragedies, muſt I, O LORD!
Muſt I, not only now ſurvive to ſee;
Which were ſo long time fear'd, and ſo abhorr'd?
But live, in them, an actor too, to be?
Is that abuſed *Peace* which we enjoy'd,
So many yeeres (whilſt ev'ry other *State*
Was plagu'd with war, and ſome nigh quite deſtroy'd)
In theſe our *Iſlands*, now, growne out of date?
Have we prolong'd Repeutance, till the Flame
Which from the neighb'ring Countries did appeare
(Like *Beacons*, giving warning of the ſame)
Spreads, and devoures, with no leſſe fury, here?
And is the time now come, in which this *Nation*
Muſt pledge them, in the cup of indignation?
Who did ſo much as dreame, ſome yeares agoe,
To ſete the Devil ſo, prevailing here,
To conjure up to ev'y man, a Foe,
Among thoſe Friends, that in his boſome were?
Who thought, to ſee ſo many brothers rage
Againſt each other? Fathers without griefe,

To ruinate the Pillars of their age?
So many ſonnes, to ſeek their fathers life?
Who could have, then, beleeved this, that friends,
Familiars, neighbours, kinſmen, mothers, daughters,
Should have, ſo madly, ſought each others ends?
And mention, without tears, their wounds & ſlaughters?
And, finde this helliſh poyſon, to be ſhed
Almoſt in ev'ry village, houſe, and bed?
Who did reſpect, that men who dote on wealth,
And make a *God* of pleaſure and of Eaſe?
Eſteeming highly, ſafety, limbs, and health:
Should madly foole away their part of theſe?
And ſide, and quarrall ſo, about thoſe things
Which moſt of them, regarded not a whit?
For what theſe duties were to *God* or *Kings*,
Or *Common-Wealth*, it troubled not their wit.
Nor doth it now, if their dicourſe and life,
May ſhew what conſcience of ſuch things they make:
And from this obſervation, I with griefe,
Infallibly, may this concluſion take:
That nothing elſe, this miſchief did begin,
But, univerſall ripeneſſe of our ſin,
How could there elſe, ſo ſoone ſo many be
So hardned in the cruelties of war?
And multitudes ſo forward, as we ſee,
For Rob'ries, Rapes and Murthers, as they are?
Who did a while agoe, ſuſpect he had
Acquaintance, neighbours, houſhold ſervants too,
So whicked, ſo malicious, and ſo bad
To put in act, what now we ſee them doe?
War hath occaſion given, to diſcloſe
What ev'ry man affects, and ev'ry one,
As opportunity he gaineth, ſhewes
What things his heart it truely ſet upon.
Oh! if *Wars* entrance with ſuch guilt begins,
Before it ends, how great will be our ſins?

Obſerve

Obſerve and credit this which now I ſay,
(Though I perhaps not worth regard may ſeem)
Leſt you repent it elſe another day,
And finde too late, my words were worth eſteeme.
If *Peace* we ſeek not, and purſue it too,
Before there bee too great an obduration,
E're long, ſo hardned men in ſin will grow,
That on his neighbour, none will have compaſſion,
But, ev'ry one, according to his power,
Shall onely labour his owne *Will* to gaine:
And ſhall corrupt each other, and devoure:
Till wealth, nor wit, nor honeſty remaine:
Nor ought, but ſuch a raskall Generation,
As merits Gods, and good mens execration,
How happie had we been, if we had fear'd
Before theſe feares had ſeiz'd us? and how bleſt?
Had we with penitence thoſe warnings heard
Which notice gave, of this unwelcome ghueſt?
But, now the *Breach* is made; the Floods break in,
And we with miſeries are overflowne.
We ſhall be loſers, thongh the day we win,
When ſpoiles we take, the loſſe will be our owne.
Becauſe, from forraigne foes, we fear'd no harme,
God, for our ſins, he rais'd us foes at home,
Our ſelves, againſt our ſelves, we ſtrongly arme;
And ſlaught'rers, of each other, are become,
An univerſall Ruine is begun;
And he that was moſt rich, is moſt undone.
Behold the *Plough*, by whom we are all fed,
Is throwne into the ditch, Our *Herds* decay:
Our *Shepheards* and our *Husbandmen*, are fled:
Artificers, may ſhut up ſhot, and play.
The *Labourer*, muſt either ſtrive, or fight;
The *Gownman*, muſt a *Swordman*, learne to bee;
Nor *Magiſtrate*, nor *Lawes*, can doe us right;

The *Creditor*, and *Debtor*, may agree.
The *Glutton*, muſt be glad of homely fare,
The *Drunkard*, muſt drinke water, or be drie;
Old louſie rags, *Pride*, muſt be faine to weare;
Our idle Dames, in vaine, for bread ſhall cry.
And, they who late, in fineſt linnen lay,
Shall ſcarce have leave, to lodge in ſtraw and hay.
How are our goodly buildings overthrowne!
How are our pleaſant arbours hackt, and hew'd!
How bare and rude, are thoſe neat places growne,
Where fruitfull Orchards, and faire Groves, we view'd!
Through Walkes and Fields, which I have viſited
With peaceſull Mates, and free from feare of harmes;
Yea, there where oft *Faire-Ladies* I have led,
I now lead on a *Troope* of men in armes.
In Medowes, where our ſports were wont to be,
(And, where we playing wantonly have laine)
Men ſprawling in their bloud, we now doe ſee;
Grim paſtures, of the dying, and the ſlaine.
And where ſweet muſicke hath refreſh the eare,
Sad groanes, of ghoſts, departing, now we heare.
In ev'ry Field, in ev'ry Lane, and Street,
In ev'ry Houſe, (almoſt in ev'ry place)
With cryes, and teares, and loud-complaints we meet:
And, each one thinkes his owne the ſaddeſt caſe.
But, what are private Loſſes, while we view
Three famous *Kingdomes*, wofully expos'd
To miſerable Ruine, and ſo few,
Lament that plague, wherewith we are inclos'd?
My ſelfe, and my eſtate, I ſhall contemne,
Till we, in freedome, ſing out *Sion-Songs*;
Till we have peace, in our *Jeruſalem*;
And *Church*, and *State*, have what to them belongs.
For, what to theſe, are Oxen, Sheep, and Kine?
Or, any loſſe, that is but your or mine?

But how ſhould we have Peace, or Conſolation?
Whence can it come? whilſt, each of us neglects
The meanes of ſuch a bleſſed expectation?
And from bad Cauſes, looke for good effects?
Who yet repents? who all alone bewailes
His private ſins? Or, ſince this tempeſt roſe?
Hath taken downe, one furle of his proud ſailes,
That we the publike Veſſell might not loſe?
Few of us, yet, have truely laid aſide
Our Selfe-conceit, our Envies, or our Spleene,
Our Avarice, our wilfulneſſe or Pride,
And doubtleſſe, whilſt among us theſe are ſeene,
In vaine, we hope, our miſeries will ceaſe,
In vaine, we looke for *Comfort*, *Truth*, or *Peace*.
Give me, Oh God! give me theſe moving teares,
Thoſe deepe-fet ſighes, and thoſe prevailing groanes,
Which may have power to pierce through all Spheres,
And fetch downe Pitie, for diſtreſſed ones.
Give me enough for one, that would deplore
The ſins of three great *Nations*; and, lament
For his owne ſhare, a little world-full more,
Which he, too long, deferred to repent.
Give me thoſe teares that acceptable be;
Such, as on *Sions* evil day were ſhed;
Such, as in bottles are preſerv'd by thee;
Such as were dropt, when *Lazarus*, was dead;
Such, as if teares might ſo much virtue have,
May three great Kingdomes from deſtruction ſave.
Helpe us to that *Peace-offering*, whence may ſume
Into thy noſtrils, that ſweet-ſmelling ſavour,
Whereby, thy Majeſtie my re-aſſume
Theſe *Kingdomes*, once againe, into thy favour.
With holy *Charmes*, thou haſt delighted bin;
For, when in mournfull *Elegies*, to thee
The Son of *Ieſſe* did bewaile his ſin,

From all his guilt, thy grace did ſet him free.
Why may not, then to me, for whoſe example
Thy *Spirit* hath his pietie recorded,
(Having within my heart, thy *Inner-Temple*)
Compos'd a *Song*, like mercy, be afforded?
In hope it ſhall to thee, O *Gracious God!*
My Spirit groaneth forth this mournfull *Ode.*

ALas! how darkeſome be!
How gloomy, and how dim!
Thy Privie-lodgings, *LORD, in me,*
Which Ioy was wont to trim?
What Ghoſts *are they that haunt*
The Chambers of my breaſt!
And, when I ſleep, or comfort want,
Will give my heart no reſt?
Me thinks the ſound of grones
Are ever in mine eare:
Deep-graves, Deathes, heads, *and* Charnall-bones
Before me ſtill appeare.
And, When aſleep I fall,
In hope to finde ſome eaſe,
My dreames to me are Worſt of all,
And fright me, more then theſe.
Ah me! why Was I borne
So late? or why ſo ſoone?
To ſee ſo bright, ſo cleere a Morne,
So black an Afternoone?
What in my youth I fear'd,
What was long ſince foretold,
And oft, With ſcorners, and ſleightings, heard,
Fulfil'd I now behold.
The Queene of Europes *Iſles,*
The Princeſſe of her Lands,
(*Late happy, in thy loving ſmiles*)

Now

Now, neer to ruine ſtands,
For, by their crying-ſins,
Prince, Peers, *and* People, *too,*
Have brought their feet into thoſe Gins,
Which no man can undoe.
Our Cunningſt-wits *have tride*
To help untwiſt the Snare;
But when they thought the cords would ſlide,
They more inſnared were:
And ſince it is not words
That can our Peace reſtore,
We now betake us to our Swords,
And make the miſchiefe more,
How great is our deſtreſſe!
How grievous is our ſin!
That ev'ry thing doth more increaſe
The plague, that we are in!
There is yet, LORD, in thee,
A meanes of eaſe aid,
Whereby, we ſav'd from that might be,
Whereof we are afraid,
O God! thy helpe command;
(For humane helpes are vaine)
And, in compaſſion to this Land,
Returne thou, once again.
And, if ſo much regard,
May to my ſuit be ſhowne,
Let me behold this Tempeſt *clear'd,*
Before my Sun *go down,*
O LORD! returne with mercy to thoſe Lands;
Give not the Glory over to the Foe.
Leave not thy *Churches*, in their bloodie hands.
Who ſeek in this, thy *Kingdomes* overthrow.
Returne, before our *Spoilers*, hand have laid
On ev'rie pleaſant, ev'rie precious thing:

Before the *Lyons* on thy *Lambs* have prey'd;
Before they ſhall thy Flocks to ruine bring.
Before our habitations doe appeare
Like heaps of Rubbiſh, or the ploughed earth;
Before our pleaſant fields, and gardens, are
Like *Fornace-Fels*, or *Highlands* in the North.
And, e're our Palaces, late neat and trim
Ane made the walkes and haunts of *Zim* and *Jim*.
Once more! once more, oh GOD! in mercie heare
Theſe miſerable *Pleas*, of whoſe neare fall,
Their neighb'ring Foes in expectation are,
And, to behold it; on each other call:
Thy foes they are, oh LORD! as well as our:
Oh! give not therefore vvay to their deſpight:
Let not their malice, or our ſins, have power,
Vpon our Tombes, to build up their delight.
Though they *Divide*, permit them not to *Raigne*;
But, let our *Head*, and *Body* ſo accord,
That vve the ſtronger may be knit againe,
And in their boſome ſheath our angry *Sword*:
For, our bleſt reconcilement, further ſhall
Thy *Churches* triumph; and their *Babels* fall.
Their *date* is neare, if I aright have hit,
The meaning of that *Number*, which by thee
Was left, to try the ſtrength of every wit,
Which longs the fall of *Antichriſt*, to ſee.
To *Them*, I trune my ſpeech; and thus dare ſay,
His Friends and Helpers are now moving on,
The cunningſt plot, that they have left to play;
And, vvhen that's paſt, their game will quite be done.
Some *Saints*, their policie will ſo beguile,
That, they to their *Deſigne* ſhall furth'rance bring:
Yea, they ſhall helpe it forward for a while,
Who favour not the *Perſons*, nor the *Thing*.
But leſt our hearts may faile, through long delay,

Give

Give eare, and heed, vvhat now my *Muſe* will ſay.
That yeere, in vvhich *Romes* long-liv'd *Emperie*
Shall from the day, vvherein it vvas at height,
Sum up, M, D, C, L, X, V, and I,
In order, as theſe Letters here I vvrite:
That *Yeare*, that *Day*, that *Houre*, vvill be the date
Of her continuance; preſerving neither
Top, *Root*, or *Branch* of that accurſed *State*,
Nor *Head*, nor *Bodie*, *Limb*, *Horne*, *Claw*, or *Feather*,
For, here are all the *Numerals* of *Rome*
In order as they are in valuation;
Which cannot make a leſſe or greater ſum.
Without *Diſorder*, *Want*, or *Iteration*.
Nor can ſhe longer ſtand, or ſooner fall,
If I miſtake not *Him* who governs all.
By *Number*, *Weight*, and *Meaſure*, worketh *He*,
Allotting to each thing the Bound, and Seaſon.
Which may both correſpond vvith his *Decree*,
And, ſomewhat, alſo, ſuit, with *Humane-Reaſon*,
In *Ægypt*, thus, a certaine time of ſtay
Was to the ſeed of *Iacob*, there aſsing'd;
Thus likewiſe, to afore-appointed day,
The reigne of *Baltaſhazar* was confin'd.
Thus from the time of *Daniels* ſupplication,
Till CHRIST ſhould come, the time foretold appeares,
To be, a pre-ordained limitation,
Vntill the date, of *Seventie weekes of yeares*,
And, thus *Romes* declination may no doubt,
Be numbring, till her *Numerals* are out.
Two famous *Numbers* are in them contain'd;
The firſt, declares that length of time, wherein
The *Devil* was, by *Power-Divine*, reſtrain'd
From ſetting up, the *Miſterie of ſin*,
The later, is the *Number* of the *Beaſt*,
Which when the *Let* was taken quite away,

Whereby he was a thouſand yeares ſuppreſt)
Doth *number* out his *Kingdome* to a day.
It is the *number* of the NAME and *Power*,
Ey'n of a MAN (of that *miſterious-Man*)
By whom *Sin-miſticall* is to this houre,
Continu'd, and, by whom, it firſt began.
And he that can begin this thouſand yeare,
Shall finde the *number* of the BEAST, is neare.
To ſearch out that, it ſeemes not hard to me,
Since I believe, that when of her chiefe ſin
ROME to be guiltie, did firſt prove to be,
Her *Declinations* did then firſt begin.
And, ſure, of all her ſins, the greateſt Crime
Was crucifying of the LORD *of life*;
And, in unjuſtly proſecuting them,
Who tendred *Saving-Truth* to their beliefe:
Then, therefore, I preſume ROMES fall begun,
And that GOD, *meaſur'd*, *weigh'd*, and *numbred* hath
How many backward Rounds her wheele ſhould run,
When ſhe had gain'd her glorioufſt height on earth:
Thus in thoſe *Numerals*, which are her owne,
(And all ſhe hath) her *Fate* was written downe.
To bring this worke to paſſe, there is a *Let*
To be remov'd, of no meane conſequence:
The op'ning of it cannot, well, as yet
Be borne, amongſt us, without much offence;
And warrant I have none to make my heart
So bold, as to diſcloſe it: neither may it
With wiſedome be revealed, till that *Part*
Be furniſhed with *Actors*, fit to play it.
And of this *Miſterie*, perhaps, the *Key*
Muſt be delivered by ſome *Abler-one*,
Who ſhall have power to *doe*, as well as *ſay*,
What, GOD, hath fore-appointed ſhall be done.
They firſt muſt take the *Workes*, without the Wals,

And

And then, the great *Malignant-citie* fals.
Then, with exceeding infamie, and ſcornes,
The *Beaſt*, which yet ſo dreadfull ſeemes to ſome,
Shall loſe his *Heads*, and moult away his *Hornes*,
And to the world a laughing ſtocke become.
Then, many things, that have been long conceil'd,
(And, which to blinde the carnals Readers eye,
In *ſeven darke Myſteries*, were cloſely ſeal'd)
To ev'ry faithfull ſoule ſhall open lye,
That *Kingdome* which the *Iew* did long agoe
Mould out, according to his erring braine.
And whereof, many zealous *Chriſtians*, too,
Vnwarrantable fancies, dreame, or faine,
That *Kingdome*, whereof, yet, but types we heare,
Shall to the world eſſentially appeare.
Be patient, therefore, you that are oppreſt:
This *Generation* ſhall not paſſe away,
Till ſome behold, the down fall of that *Beaſt*.
Which, yet, among us with his *Taile* doth play,
Then will the LAMBE of *God* begin to take
The Kingdome to himſelfe: and ev'ry *King*
That on his rights, doth uſurpation make,
To judgement, and to ruine he ſhall bring.
No *Kingling*, then, aſſume the bodneſſe ſhall,
Blaſphemouſly (for know it is no leſſe)
To ſtile himſelfe *The King-Catholicall*,
As if Earths univerſall Globe were his:
For, though another hath uſurp'd thereon,
That *Title*, doth belong to CHRIST, alone,
And, 'tis no marvell, if the *Potentates*,
And *Princes* of this world, ſhall now combine,
By policie, to ſtrengthen their eſtates;
And, with the *Beaſt*, and *Gog*, and *Magog*, joyne;
No marvaile, if enraged they appeare,
Through jealouſies and doubts, of loſing that.

By vvhich their pride and luſts, maintained were,
And, vvhich, baſe Feare, and Flatterie firſt begat:
For, all thoſe *Kingdomes*, and thoſe *Emperies*,
Throughout the world, which their beginning tooke!
By humane vvit, fraud, force, or tyrannies,
Shall paſſe away, and vaniſh into ſmoake.
An *Armie*, vvhereof yet there's little hope,
Shall vvreſt the Scepter both from *Turke* and *Pope*.
Religion, and meere ſhowes of Pietie,
Have beene ſo long the maske for baſe deſignes:
The great *Vice-gerents* of the *Dietie*,
Have made ſuch polititians of *Divines*,
And theſe together have ſo fool'd and cheated
The conſciences of people well inclin'd,
That of all *Freedomes* we are nigh defeated,
Belonging to the *Body* and the *Minde*.
Yea, GOD they ſo have mockt, and on his *Throne*
And his *Prerogative*, ſo farre incroach't,
That of his honour he is jealous growne.
And will no longer be by them reproach'd:
But, to the *Saints*, their liberties reſtore,
And, give thoſe *Kings* their portions with the *Whore*
D'ye ſtartle at it? as if I had ſpoke
High-Treaſon? or, as if what now I ſay,
VVithout a warrant, I had undertooke
To certifie? Perhaps, you thinke, I may.
Know, therefore, that, I had this information
Not from a *private ſpirit*; but, from his
Known, and unqueſtionable *Revelation*,
VVhich, to the world, long ſince, revealed this.
Thoſe *Kings*, which, to the *Lambe* their crowns reſigne;
And ſhall the (*Beaſt* oppoſing) be content
To reigne according to the *Diſcipline*
Which CHRIST cõmands, ſhal keep their *Government*,
The reſt ſhall weep, and waile, and curſe their birth.

With

With wicked *Kings*, and *Merchants* of the earth.
CHRIST, and his Law, ſhall then beare all the ſway,
By *Governments*, reſembling that, perchance,
For which the *Iewes* GODS Yoke did caſt away,
The *King-ſhip* of the *Gentiles* to advance.
And, as GODS people, fooliſhly did crave
In ſtead of his milde *Scepter*, to obtaine
That *Heatheniſh-Monarchy*, which doth inſlave
And ſeeke, by *Arbitrarie-Power* to raigne:
So, ſhall all people then deſire to leave
Their *Ethnicke-Chaines*, and with his *holy-Nation*,
CHRITS Precepts, and his Diſcipline receive,
And, be partakers too of their *Salvation*.
And, when this glorious *Kingdome* ſhall begin,
The *Fulneſſe of the Gentiles* enters in:
GOD, hath ſo long deferred the poſſeſsion
Of that great *Bliſſe*; becauſe our worldlineſſe,
Hypocriſie, and diſcord, keepes the Bleſsing,
From ripening into ſuch a Happineſſe.
Some, in *unrighteouſneſſe* the *Truth* retaine,
And, make the ſame thereby the leſſe believ'd.
Some, by an *Outward-holineſſe* doe gaine
The meanes to have their *Hereſies* receiv'd,
While ſome purſue the *Antichriſt*, without them,
An *Antichriſt*, ariſeth up within them;
Which, if they looke not warily about them,
New worke for Reformation, will begin them.
But, GOD, will finiſh what he pre-ordain'd,
When *Penitence* and *Sin*, their height have gain'd.
Oh! that I could expreſſe what glorious ſights,
My ſoule hath glimſes of, by contemplation,
And to what brave and unbelieving heights.
They ſcrew me, by an unperceiv'd gradation!
That bleſſed *Kingdome*, which by faith I ſee,
And know ſhall come; me thinkes doth now appeare,

Deſcribed

Deſcribed by a Patterne unto me,
As if it painted, in dim Landskip, were:
And, my unbounden ſoule, runs rambling over
So many objects, that, if ſhe ſhould give
Account, of ev'ry thing ſhe can diſcover,
I ſhould relate, what few would yet believe;
And give to fooles occaſion, one time more,
To ſcoffe me; as they have done, heretofore.
Whilſt thus I muz'd, behold, the foe came on,
And to poſſeſſe the bord'ring hills began;
My Colonell, experienc'd *Midleton*,
A valiant *Scot* that day led up the *Van*,
A *Troupe* that flankt him on the left I led:
The *word* was ordered forth, the ſouldiers ſhouted;
Our martiall muſick them encouraged,
And, each from other, feares of danger flouted.
Our forces joyn'd in clouds of fierie ſmoke;
Whence many whizzing thunder-bolts were ſhot:
Our glittering ſwords, like flaſhing lightnings, ſtroke
Each others eyes, and bloudy ſhowres begot;
Enough, whereby our courage might be tried;
And, yet with no great loſe on either ſide.
For, leſt, while of (each part) the *Forlorne-hopes*
Together ſtrove, our ſide might ſeeke to take
A *narrow paſſe* (which might have made ſome ſtops,
To their great hazzard, in retreating backe)
They wheel'd about, as if to gaine ſome ground
Of more advantage: ſo, before the place
We rightly knew, or their intention found,
Inſtead of a *Re-charge*, we gave them chaſe:
Which being finiſh't, and my warmed bloud
Grown colder, by our adverſaries flight,
Another *Foe*, which long my peace withſtood,
A Challenge brought me from another fight:
And in the darke, when that dayes march was done.

A ſecond

A ſecond furious battell was begun.
A ſtrong *Brigade*, was muſtred up together,
And many cunning Engines forth were brought,
Which doubtleſſe, had I come unarmed thither,
Had gained *him* the Victorie he ſought.
To undermine me, he, at firſt, perplext
My heart, with many deepe and ſubtill queſtions:
To win that fortreſſe; he aſſayed, next,
By ſtrong perſwaſions, and untrue ſuggeſtions.
Then, with confuſed throngs of dangers, fe..es,
And, others ſuch like Inſtruments as thoſe,
By violence to ſtorme it, he prepares;
And, force prevailing not, his craft he ſhowes;
Which, taking like effect, he beat the Drum,
And to a *Parlee* we began to come.
His *Generall* was that *Deluding-Reaſon*,
Which hath ſo much befool'd this Generation,
Defaming Loyaltie with termes of Treaſon,
And ſeeking *Truths*, and true mens defamation.
This is that *Grand-Impoſtreſſe*, which hath had
The power, of late, our *Clergie*, to miſguide,
To blinde the *King*, to make the *Nobles* mad,
And lead the *Common-people* quite aſide.
This is the *Mounte-bank* that cheats the Land,
With *Romiſh-Drugs*, and fills our heads with toyes,
That builded *Forts*, and *Churches*, in the Sand,
And faire, and firme foundations, oft deſtroyes.
And this is ſhe that men ſo blinde doth make,
The ſhadow, for the ſubſtance, to miſtake.
She thus began: *Within thy* Soveraignes *Land*
How dareſt thou, bold Traitor *to appeare*
Without his Approbation, or Command
With that thy Troope, *of armed* Rebells *there?*
Haſt thou not heard thoſe Royall Proclamations,
Which threaten thoſe who thus themſelves array?

Haſt

Haſt thou not read thoſe learned Declarations,
That ſhew thee how thy leaders goe aſtray?
Heſt thou not heard the reverend Prelates *preach;*
That all the Kings *command muſt be obey'd?*
Haſt thou not heard the approved Doctors teach,
That all we have muſt at their feet be laid?
And, that a Mortall *cloath'd with* Majeſtie,
Is little lower then the Dietie?
Thy ſervice and obedience to the King,
Even GOD *himſelfe injoynes: Why doſt thou then,*
Aſſiſtance to his adverſaries bring,
And rather diſobey thy GOD *then men?*
Nay, thou thy ſelfe haſt that Allegiance taught,
Which now thou violat'ſt, and couldſt foretell.
Which miſchiefes would upon their heads be brought;
Who ſhould againſt their Soveraigne-Prince *rebell.*
Yet, now, behold, thou neither having awe,
Of thine owne Conſcience, the royall right,
Of GODS *commands, or of the Kingdomes Law,*
Doſt arme thy ſelfe, againſt all theſe to fight;
And, by pretences for the publike good,
Defil'd the Kingdome, and thy ſelfe with blood.
An Arbitrarie government *you blame,*
And to the Iawes *your actions ſeeme to tie,*
Yet by your Ordinances, *doe the ſame*
Which to the King, *unjuſtly you denie,*
You, for the Subjects *libertie contend*
Yet into priſon free-men ye have throwne,
To eaſe them of Taxations, *you pretend,*
Yet make them greater then were ever knowne.
You take from them you pleaſe, and what you liſt,
And no man is aſſured of his owne,
Or dares to contradict, much leſſe reſiſt,
Yea, lately you ſo inſolent are growne,
That, not the people onely you undoe.

But,

But many wayes abuſe your Soveraigne to.
To make him rich, faire promiſes you made,
But, ſo far off have been from adding more,
That you have taken from him what he had,
And rendred him leſſe able then before,
To cheriſh Vertue, and to baniſh Vice,
Or to protect the wrong'd, or to relieve
The needie ſoule; you neither offices,
Nor Armes, nor Rents, to his diſpoſure give.
Gods glorie, and Religions puritie,
Sinceritie to affect, you make a ſhow:
But, thereof, we have ſmall ſecuritie.
Whilſt pious Monuments you overthrow.
And whilſt you favour cheriſh, and protect,
The Schiſmatickes of every Giddie-Sect.
The King denyeth nothing he may grant,
But voweth and proteſteth, to maintaine,
The true Religion of the Proteſtant;
And, would, the Subjects ſhould unwrong'd remaine,
Of him you foſter cauſeleſſe jealouſies;
For, to the people, or the Parliament,
He hath intended no ſuch injuries,
As his depravers cauſely invent,
He aimeth at the reall preſervation
Of Rights, Lawes, Cuſtomes, and of all that's due,
To Church, *or* Common-weale; *for which this Nation*
A publike, or juſt private claime can ſhew;
And that which to preſerve, he doth aſſay.
You. Rebels, *ſeeke to change, or take away.*
He ſtands oblig'd, the Kingdome to protect;
But, you his Townes, Armes, Forts, *and* Ships *doe ſeize,*
Whereby his Office wants a prime effect:
And, you againſt him, arme your ſelves with theſe,
The people you ſeduce, and you invent
Divices cunningly to drive away

The

The Lords *and* Commons *from the* Parliament,
That your owne pleaſures, there enact you may.
The Kings *beſt friends for traytors you purſue:*
By Sequeſtrations *you have made them poore,*
Nay he himſelfe misjudged is of you,
At leaſt a fav'rer of the Scarlet-Whoore.
And he that was to be your glory borne,
Is now become an object of your ſcorne.
How can you ſafely therefore live or die
In ſuch a Cauſe? How can you without feare,
Be actors in that bloody Tragedie?
Whereto, thus blindly you advanced are?
How, will you to your GOD? how, to your King?
How, to this wronged Kingdome, *anſwer make?*
When by their power they ſhall that vengeance bring,
Which will be due, for what you undertook.
Thus far ſhe rav'd; and further as I think
She had proceeded: But I having ey'd
My *Troopers* (and perceiving ſome, to ſhrink
At her firſt words) firſt rein'd my horſe aſide
To cheer my *Troop*; then, wheel'd a little back.
And, to confute thoſe falſhoods, thus I ſpake.
Trait'reſſe to *Reaſon*, that high heav'n borne *Queen*,
Whom ev'ry earthly *Monarch* ſhould obey;
Thou who the Cauſe of all thoſe plagues haſt been
Which overflow this *Iſland*, at this day:
How long wilt thou perſiſt, with ſhows of truth
To colour falſhhood? and, from thy deluſions.
Draw forth (to cozen heedleſſe age and youth)
Inconſequents, and frivolous concluſions?
In vain thou ſeek'ſt with words to terrifie
From what, with good adviſement, is begun.
With honour, we have hope to live, and dye,
What ever can by thee be ſaid, or done,
And, in our juſt reſolves will ſettle faſt,

In ſpight of all the Sophiſtry thou haſt,
Imprudent *Amazon*, why com'ſt thou arm'd
With *Potguns*, and with *Kexes* to invade.
A Skonce that's ſtriple fortifi'd and charm'd,
By *Spels*, which to ſecure it, Reaſon made?
Beleeveſt thou, Lyes Fallacies and ſhows
Chew'd into paper-pellets, can affright
Ought elſe our Regiments of Daws and Grows?
Or things that come to feed, but not to fight?
When to my face, thou falſely dar'ſt accuſe
My Conſcience, which none knows but GOD and I,
And wouldſt my owne beliefe thereof abuſe,
Behind my back, how wilt thou me belye?
My *Writtings* too, in favour of thy Cauſe,
Thou underſtandeſt, as thou doſt the *Laws*.
Their Auther is in being, ſo am I;
The *Laws* true ſence is that which they ſhall give;
And, I am he that beſt can teſtifie
The meaning of my *Poems*, whilſt I live.
I have not ſwerv'd eſſentially from ought.
(If well my words and deeds be underſtood)
Which I have either counſelled or taught,
Pertaining to the *King* or *Common-good*.
And though thy friends report that I rebell,
And *Balaam*-like, againſt my knowledge too,
(When I had both fore-told, and counſell'd well
What would befall, and what men ought to doe)
I ſhall occaſion finde, my ſelfe to clear.
Of all, whereof I guilty may appear.
The factions of our *Clergie* I foreſaw,
The progreſſe of their factions I foretold?
Which way the one our *Sov'raign's* heart ſhould draw,
Which way the other tempt the people ſhould:
And, thereupon my ſoule (as well it might)
Fearing ſuch miſchiefs as from thence do ſpring,

According to the measure of her light,
Did counsell both the *people*, and the *King*.
The *King* proceeded, as his Prophets taught
(For their despight made void my good intent)
The other faction of the Clergie sought
To work upon the peoples discontent:
And, had not, then, a miracle been done,
It had, long since, Rebellion here begun.
For had not GOD, beyond all hopes of our,
When plotted mischiefes were to ripenesse come,
Vouchsafed us a Parliamentall power,
The sin, which I most fear'd to keep us from
My wit perceives not how the people rage
(Provoked so, as then it would have bin)
Should means have found that fury to asswage,
Which would have brought a true Rebellion in.
Nay, to such hights was discontentment rais'd,
That if this present timely *Parliament*
(Which never can sufficiently be prais'd)
Had not enabled been, as well as sent
By GOD himselfe, a wondrous worke to doe,
They had ere this, been slaves and rebels too.
But having by meer providence procur'd
The priviledge for their continuation,
To be by an *Enacted-Law* secur'd,
Till they saw cause to give it limitation;
Such courage thereby took they, and such hope,
Their good endeavours should not be undone,
As heretofore (through want of time and scope
To perfect things which they had well begun)
That they have qualifi'd the fiery zeale,
Which might have kindled a rebellious flame;
And armed Lawfully this *Common-Weale*,
To make a just defence as her became:
For 'tis her safety, that secures the *King*:

And

And her destruction, will his ruine bring.
We are not come, our *Soveraigne* to oppose,
But for him, we this armed now appear,
By warrant, and Authority from those,
Who to conferre it, well enabled were:
Ev'n by that *Supreme-Councell*, whence to come
All acts that most concerne the publike-Weale;
The sacred *Senate*, from whose finall doome,
We cannot to another Iudge appeale.
When *that* commands, the *King* commands they be,
More binding, then his personall Injunction;
In their contempt, dishonoured is he,
And disobeyed in his noblest function,
In his, we but his *Person* disobey;
In their, his *Power*, and *Office* we gain-say,
We heare indeed, some time a *Proclamation*
Injoyning, that or else forbiding this,
But how, I pray shall we have information,
Whose will and pleasure, and whose deed it is?
The *Person* of the King we seldome see,
His *Court* is now a place uncertain grown;
With him no lawfull Councellors hath he;
How then, of us, can his true minde be known?
Since in his *Name*, anothers *Will* may come,
We neither knowing whence nor yet from whom?
The Court of *Parliament* appeares to all,
To have therein, the Royall *Power*, and *Name*:
It keepes the *Place*, whereto the King did call,
And virtually abideth still the same.
That *Order*, *Ordinance*, : and that *Commission*,
Which issues forth from them, to us appears
To be their acts and deed, without suspition,
And we obey it as the *Kings*, and theirs:
Why therefore, should we be reproach't and blam'd,
Because we are not rather guided by

A *printed sheet*, wherein the *King* is nam'd,
To draw us, our knowne duty to deny?
By telling us, a trayt'rous part we play:
Vnlesse, our *King* and *Country* we betray?
Me thinks, it were a motive some what odd,
That those few lines, which ill advice might draw,
Beginning thus, CHARLES *by the grase of* GOD,
Should more ablige, then equity and *Law*.
Yet, this is our condition; and unlesse
We will suspect our eye-sight, and our hearing;
And say we are in state of happinesse,
When universall ruine we are fearing;
Or else, believe (as many seem to do,
Though false it be) what ere our foes perswade;
And will be Infidells, and Asses too.
Or some tame Fools, as they of some have made,
We must be censur'd in our noblest action;
To have unjust designes, and side with faction,
Vnlesse with *Rehoboams* Cavaliers,
We will bring aid and counsell to oppresse:
Vnlesse, we will not thinke that all our Feares.
Are without reall ground, and reasonlesse:
Vnlesse, we will beleeve *Achitophel*;
The *Parasites* of *Ioash*, *Iudas* King;
The priests of *Ahab*, *Baall*, and *Iezabel*,
Which to Idolatry this Land would bring;
Vnlesse, our selves meer slaves we will repute;
Vnlesse, we will against all right and Reason,
GODS Epithetes, to *Pirnces* attribute;
Or falsly, say, our *Loyalty* is Treason,
Or, do, as Fools and Traytors have appointed,
We fight (for sooth) against the Lords anointed.
Yea, then it must be told me I rebell:
That I resist my *Soveraigne* and the *Laws*;
That *Balaam*-like the truth I could foretell;

And

And know the right, yet aid an evil cauſe.
But what am I? Thou ſayſt, the *Parliament*
(Though ſhows of other purpoſes it carry)
In practice doth approve that *Government*,
Which in the *King*, they ſay, is *Arbitrary*;
Which is untrue. For, Arbitrary *Sway*
Is that which governs by the *Will* of ONE:
But when their *Ordinances* we obey:
To *Reaſon* we ſubmit, agreed upon.
By many, choſen out to that intent,
Both by our own, and by our *Kings* conſent.
Whatever then that *Counſell* ſhall ordain,
Is in effect the *Pleaſure* of the *King*,
And our united whereof to complain,
It were a cauſleſſe, and a fooliſh thing.
And though we may have grievances thereby
We cannot call them injuries, by reaſon
'T was to prevent a laſting miſery,
By making us to ſuffer, for a ſeaſon
The *Parliament* abridgeth no mans right,
Takes no mans Liberty or goods away
To favour ſome, and other to diſpight;
Or, that themſelves therewith enrich they may:
But ſeize it for the *Publike* and from thoſe,
Who to the publike harme, thereof diſpoſe.
Perhaps, unruly Souldiers (and ſome too
Who them command) will practiſe, now and then:
Harſh violence, as Devils uſe to doe,
Who at theſe times, come forth in the ſhape of men.
But, from ſuch inſolencies I am free
And ev'ry way ſo cleare; that though our Foes
Of * all I had have quite diſpoyled me;
And though I was authorized by thoſe
Who pow'r might give my loſſes to redreſſe
On them who robbed me; I have not ſought

* *To the value of above.* 2000. l.

Without compaſſion, or with greedineſſe,
To mend my Fortunes, as I here 'tis thought;
But tooke that only which the preſent need
Requir'd; my ſelfe, and Family to feed.
Yea, ſaving when from home we marched far
And thither, where, perforce, we did indure
The hard and ſtrong neceſſities of war,
Through want of meanes, things needfull to procure?
We nothing took without a recompence:
Nor (to my knowledge) either then, or there,
But, with good words, and, without violence;
And, nought but what did need, & they might ſpare:
Nor did I, or, my *Troopers*, leave unpaid
Our *Quarters* any where, whilſt we had pay:
And, ſince our entertainments were delaid,
They have my word for payment, when I may.
And, By thus *taking*, *Souldiers* grieve men leſſe
In times of *War* then *Courtiers* did in *Peace*,
We take not, as *Monopolizers* do,
And, begger *Many*; to enrich but One;
Nor take we from, both poore, and wealthly, too,
As *Tyrants* that our pleaſure might be done.
Nor as the damn'd-ſelf damning Cavalleer,
Who for his luſts and to the Kingdome harm,
From good and bad, from friend and foe, doth teare,
What ever may be reached with his arme
The *Parliament* (a Body repreſenting
The Kingdomes) takes from none; but of her own
Takes part, for furtherance, or for preventing
Of good or evill, either fear'd or known:
And if this be unjuſt, or lawfull taking,
It is not by a law of Reaſons making.
For as the *Body-naturall* may take,
From hands or feet, or any other part,
To wrap about the head when it ſhall aske;

Or

Or, warme to keep the ſtomake, or the heart,
When life is elſe in danger: right ſo, may
The Body-politike, without reproof,
From any of her *Members*, take away,
For it own preſervation, or behoof.
Yea, doubtleſſe, if a man his goods may ſpend,
His body to redeem; or give conſent
Some *Blood* to loſe, or *Member* to this end,
That he the loſſe of life might ſo prevent;
Much more may that *Great-Bodie* do the ſame,
Without the brand of injury, or blame.
The *taxes*, which our *Parliament* impoſe,
Are not to grieve the people: but to aide.
And ſtrengthen them againſt the power of thoſe,
By whom uneaſie burthens have been laid.
If they be greater now, then heretofore,
It is becauſe neceſſities are greater:
And, now require, we ſhould beſtow the more,
To make, hereafter, our aſſurance better.
And pittie were it; but he ſhould be father
To none but ſlaves, or to a generation
Who ſhould not dare old rotten rags to gather
Without a Patent, and a Proclamation
Who for his Country, thinks his goods too much;
Or would his life in this adventure grutch;
As for their loyall offers to the *King*,
They ready were; and are as ready ſtill,
Their wealth, and power, and all they have to bring
To ſerve him, if his part he ſhall fulfill.
They would be loth his treaſure to increaſe,
To purchaſe inſtruments, wherewith to ſlay them;
Or raiſe an Army, to diſturb their peace;
Or, to corrupt their Captains, to betray them.
They ſhould be loth to give them Rents and Lands,
Buffoones, and men unworthie to advance;

That they might weaken us, and arme his hands,
To make us *Subjects* Ala moed de *FRANCE.*
But, for his Guard, and for the publike-peace,
Our goods, our lives, and all we have is his.
If his *Revenues*, in their hands they ſtay,
It is not without reaſon (as is thought)
But to ſecure his *Crown*, and to defray
The charge of *War* which he on us hath brought.
If they, with his diſpoſure, now withdraw
Some things, by *Him*, diſpos'd of heretofore.
It is becauſe their right it is by Law;
And, ought to be neglected ſo no more,
When things permitted out of good reſpects,
Are challenged as cuſtomary rights;
And when good meanings bring forth ill effects,
Tis time to take more heed of overſights;
And, that, by having erred heretofore,
We may not be undone for evermore.
Ships, *Forts*, and *Arms* belong unto the *Prince*,
Not for himſelf, but for the publike uſe:
They therfore, keeping them for his defence,
(And for the *Kingdomes* good) what needs excuſe
Or if they ſeazed on them with intent
To prepoſſeſſe them, that they might in time,
Their Foes inhumane purpoſes prevent;
It was not fault, or, elſe, a veniall Crime.
They make their *Ordinances* not for *Laws*,
But for the preſent need, to be in force;
Leſt law-proceedings being a pauſe,
The miſchiefs (over great) grow daily worſe,
And none denyes the *Parliament* this power
But, they who ſeeke their Freedomes to devour.
Though Libellous Detractors, and that Rabble;
Whom they deludged Sophiſtries deceive,
Pretend their purpoſe is diſhonourable,

And of his dues, our *Soveraigne* to bereave;
Your ſland'rous Allegations are untrue,
And rais'd by thoſe who hate the *Parliament*;
Becauſe a *Reformation* they purſue,
And that, which may their purpoſes prevent.
Far is it either from their thought, or our
The *King*, of his juſt profits to defeat;
Or to deprive him of that Kingly power
Whoſe want may make his honour incompleat,
By taking, or by clipping (to his wrong)
Thoſe Rights, which to his *Office* do belong.
When ought they take, it is to take away
That mischief which may take him from his Throne.
When they deny, it is not to gainesay,
But, that his lawfull pleaſure may be done.
When they diſarme him, 'tis but that his foes
Might not with his own weapons him deſtroy,
When they his Rents with-hold, it is that thoſe
Should not his wealth to his own loſſe imploy.
Have they reſtrain'd his power? they did it not
To limit him; but that is *Paraſites*,
Should not to his diſhonour, him beſot;
And make that, *Pander* to their appetites,
Till by their wicked practices, firſt we
Are to their wils inſlaved; and then *He*;
The worſt condition they would bring him to,
Is onely this; that, if he or his Sonne,
By ill adviſement, would themſelves undo,
No innocent ſhould thereby be undone.
Nor they, if during life, *Manaſſeth*-like,
They could repent. This brave *prerogative*,
This *Priviledge*, for him, and his, we ſeek;
That nothing of his *Throne* might him deprive.
We labour, that it glorioufly might ſtand,
By *Righteouſneſſe* upheld: and that his *Line*

May beare the *Royall-Scepter* in this *Land*,
As long as either *Sun*, or *Moon* ſhall ſhine,
By being made, true *Homagers* to *Him*,
That weares the univerſall *Diadem*.
They would not have him, or his chi'de hereafter,
Suppoſe that an advantage can be had,
By bringing to his bed King *Pharaohs* daughter;
Or any with whom, GOD, the *Banes* forbad.
We would not have him *Rehoboam*-like,
Advance his Throne by tyrannous oppreſſion:
O (led by fooliſh counſell) *Shadows* ſeek
Til he had loſt the *Subſtance* in poſſeſſion:
They would not have him ſet up *golden-Calves*,
With *Ieroboam* and ſuppoſe to ſave
By policy, and ſerving GOD, be halves,
That Kingdome which to him, he freely gave,
Till he like him, hath made the people ſin.
And brought our *Endleſſe-deſolation* in.
They would not have him, *Ahab*-like, miſled
By wicked female Councels; or by thoſe
Diſſembled *Prieſts* and *Prophets* who have bred
That plagne, which now this Iſland, overgrowes.
Nor would they that (with King *Iehoſaphat*
Some fruitleſſe complements or cauſleſſe fears.
Should draw him; to become confederate,
With ſuch as are profeſt *Idolaters*:
But, that like *David*, he ſhould purge his Court
From impudent offenders; and from all
Thoſe practiſes, which are of ill report;
Tnd chiefly thoſe, which will for vengeance call
That ſo his Kingdome might be ſafe in GOD,
From traytors here at home: and foes abroad.
They will not have his *Minions* rob his *Name*
Of all that honour which thereto belongs;
And in requitall, make him beare the blame

Of

Of their loud-crying cruelties and wrongs,
They would not have each honourable Place,
Fild up in ſtead of Princes, with ſuch groomes,
As to this Kingdomes: and our Kings diſgrace,
Late fild, and yet defile theſe nobleſt Roomes
Fellowes, of whom the publike fame records
No merit; unleſſe merit be in roring,
In being truſty Panders to their Lords,
In gaming, drinking, quarrelling and whoring:
For by theſe vertues, from a trencher-man,
A Princes Minion, riſeth now and than.
They would not at the ſacred *Councell board*,
That Luſt, and Pride, and Avarice ſhould ſit
Trrayed, and intitled like a *Lord*,
That hath no credit, honeſty, nor wit,
Or ſuch a Ruffian: as (when ſuiters, there,
In humble wiſe their grivances prefer)
Shall ſweare, God, *damne me I will nothing heare,*
That is inform'd againſt an Officer:
Or ſuch, as with notorious impudence,
Shall taunt imperiouſly, or tartly blame
A man, that is of well known innocence,
When they themſelves do merit publicke ſhame;
Becauſe in publike view, and without aw,
They violate divine, and humane Law.
We would preſerve our *Soveraigne* honourable:
Not by a blaſt of ayry Attributes;
Much leſſe by thoſe that are unwarrantable,
And, ſuch as flatterie alone, imputes,
We wiſh he may be great, but not (with ſome)
So great, as from a lawfull King, to ſwell
Into a *Tyrant*, and by that meanes come
To gain a principality in hell.
We wiſh him rich, but, not by trikes, that may
Inrich Projectors more: and laſtly prove

A cheat, procuring him another way,
A greater damage in his people love:
But of theſe things, we wiſh him ſo poſſeſt,
That they may make him happie, and us bleſt.
The Parliament would ſo our King enable,
If they, by their adviſement, would proceed,
As that hereafter, no diſhonourable,
Vnſafe, or unfit courſes they ſhould need.
We bluſh (and are aſham'd as well as griev'd)
That they of whom, we Juſtice ſhould obtaine,
(When injuries from other we receive)
Give cauſe of greater ſufferings to complain.
We think what ere ſeducing Prelates ſay,
They ſhould have conſciences as well as we:
And may have ſoules; which will another day,
Made ſubject to the common Judgement be.
And, we would have them none of thoſe, that ſhall
Cry to the Mountains, down on them to fall.
We would not have them; to our daily ſorrow,
And their diſhonour, wrong'd by ſuch as they,
Who keep them ſtill ſo needy as to borrow:
And never in condition to repay:
We would not have them, live, and die in debt,
(As uſually they do) with regard,
Whoſe wants, and whoſe complainings they forget,
And whoſe deſerts they leave without reward,
Or, need to be incombred with ſo many
Oppreſſing Officers (who from us teare
A ſhilling for themſelves', for him, a penny;
Yet Raven-like, ſtill hungry Carions are)
If their eſtates were ſetled once aright,
And mannaged by men that are upright.
Then ſhould our Princes never need to ſend
Their *Privy-Seals*, to borrow for their uſe;
And, when they come where nothing is to lend,

Be much displeased at a just excuse,
Nor should they need to seeke, as oft they do,
By petty Loans, a generall supply;
And (which ill suits with borrowing) threaten too,
If we their expectation shall deny:
Nor take such other courses, as of late
Have been devis'd, and which are baser, farre,
Then our Collections, at the Church-yard gate;
Yea, baser then our Country *Help-Ales* are:
And which a generous minde would scarce admit,
Whilst he had rags to weare, or pulse to eat.
For who can mention, without Indignation,
Those Rascall Projects, wherewith some pretended
His Majesties Revenues augmentation?
As when, with *Sope* and *Pins*, they him befriended?
Or when they rayled Fins, by *Proclamation*,
From Labourers, and Beggers Cottages;
Or from their *new-invented-Corporation*,
Sault, *Mault*, and *Coals* with such like things as these?
Or, if I erre not, some, from baser things
To raise the Kings Revenue, made a show;
Ev'n from *old Rags*, from *Guts, for Fiddle strings*;
And of these Projects had not been enow,
I'think, ere this, there had been some device,
To raise a profit out of *Nits* and *Lice*.
We scorn this Kingdome, or our King should be
Dishonoured by such beggarly inventions:
To make him rich, a nobler way have we,
When he shall please to like of our intentions.
And, whatsoere thy sland'rous tongue hath said.
We seek our *Soveraignes* welfare; and with him
No guilefull, or disloyall Parts have plaid,
To wrong the *Scepter*, or the *Diadem*.
Nor have we raced any Monument
Of *Christian-Piety*; the *Crosse* except.

That

That we might thoſe Idolatries prevent,
Which in amongſt us, by that Relique crept.
And, down (for ought I know) the *Croſſe* was took,
As juſty, as the *Brazen Snake* was broke.
For through, when *Chriſtianity* began,
And *Iewes* and *Gentiles* mentioned with ſcorn.
Chriſt crucifi'd unto the Chriſtian-man,
That badge was then with approbation worn,
Becauſe, it witnes'd them no whit aſham'd
Of *Him* in whom they did profeſſe belief,
Though doom'd he was, unto a death defam'd,
And ſuffer'd as a murtherer, or theefe:
Yet ſince the *Popelings* have a trick devis'd,
To lift it up, above the civill uſe,
And for a *Saint* the ſame hath canoniz'd,
And, ſtain'd it, by Idolatrous abuſe.
We have rejected it, as now, become
A wanton *Token* from the whore of *Roome*.
That *Sects*, or *Shiſmes*, we favour, I deny;
For *Law*, and true *Religion* we befriend,
Againſt their fury and Idolatry,
Whom you have arm'd injuſtice to defend.
We to be regulated are content,
(Not, by the fancies of one private braine,
Or, by a few, that came ere they were ſent)
By thoſe, to whom ſuch matters appertaine.
Some *Lawyers* have the ſenſe of *Law* eſtrang'd
From what it was: ſome, *Prieſts*, and *Prelates* too.
Both Doctrines and Church-Diſcipline have chang'd,
From that which was eſtabliſhed long agoe;
That, therefore we might in the truth abide,
We by the Fountains would have all things tride
Though of her Members, faulty ſome appeare,
The Parliaments maine purpoſe is upright
And, while preſerved their Foundations are,

The *Righteous* cannot loſe their labours quite.
Although the *Kings* intention may be good,
(As I ſtill hope they be) yet, moſt of thoſe
That give him counſell, now are men of blood;
And, ſuch as duetie bindes us to oppoſe.
'Twere no diſcretion to commit my *Sword*
To him, who ſtraight would give it to my foe.
Nor were it wiſely done, to take his word,
Who knowes not, what he ſhall have power to do,
For, oft from *Reaſon* other men eſtrange us.
And, other while, our own corruptions charge us.
Thou ſaiſt, the *King* hath vowed, and proteſts,
Our Lawes, and our Religion to defend.
We ask no more, unleſſe, as in the breaſts
Of private men they are, he ſhall intend:
Or ſhall conceive, that he the Law doth carie
Within himſelfe: For, that doth plainly ſhow
The government he ſeeks: is *Arbitrarie*,
Which humbly we denie to be his due.
I ſay the *Law* now armes me. He ſaies no:
And, calls me traitor for what I have done
The *Parliament* affirmes I feale to doe
My dutie, if another courſe I run:
And how the *King* in Law more skil'd can grow
Then they that made it, I would gladly know.
It were a fancie, to affirme he gained
A knowledge of our *Lawes* by *Revelation*.
Or that he ſtudied them: then, he obtained
His notions of them, by meere information,
And who are his Informers, now, but thoſe.
That, are the chiefe tranſgreſſors of the *Law*?
They who eſſentially the ſame oppoſe?
Who, from it, their obedience quite withdraw?
They, whoſe Delinquencie had made them feare,
To let the Lawes true power or ſenſe be knowne?

Becauſe

Becauſe, if their true vigour ſhould appeare,
Theſe, and their Structures would be overthrown.
Yes, they from whom, he learn'd his chiefeſt skill,
Are they who tell him, *Law* is *What he will.*
If thou ſhalt ſay, his Informations are
From thoſe that in our Lawes muſt skilfull be,
And, men unblam'd admitting, ſuch they were;
(Through that is not believ'd, nor knowne of me)
This I am certaine of, my undertaking
Was by no ſuch meane councell undergone,
Nor by a warrant of that private making,
But by a ſtrohger; by a publicke one:
Ev'n by that *Senate* whence our *Law* doth ſpring:
By that great *Court*, which is by all, confeſt
Chiefe-Councell to the Kingdome and the King:
The Ladie and Commandreſſe of the reſt,
By thoſe, from whom the *Lawes* that bind this *nation*
Receive both *being*, and interpretation.
Should I the judgement of that *Court* deſpiſe?
For their, whom yet, I neither hard nor ſaw?
Becauſe a few, did other waies adviſe,
More blam'd for arrogence, then fam'd for Law,
And, is it not of dangerous conſequence,
That to his rev'rend *Parliament* diſgrace,
The *King*, in doubtfull points ſhould leave their *ſenſe*;
For *judgements*,; which from private ſpirits paſſe?
For if a private ſpirit, vouch'd may be
Againſt that *Court*, for *Him*: why may it not
Againſt *Him*; be as well avouch'd for me.
If to contend, I power enough had got?
Grant this, and every man, as well may hope
To damne a *Generall-Councell*, as the Pope.
Grant this, and none can doubt the *Kings* intent,
The *Proteſtant Religion* to maintaine,
And all the *Freedomes* of the *Parliament*;

That

That they are in his Boſome, and his Braine.
And what he will, yea, ſometime what his Groome
Shall make him to believe, or underſtand,
(Though all his dictates be receiv'd from *Rome*)
Is then, the *Law* and *Goſpel* of the Land.
Moſt *Prelates*, and moſt *Judges* were the creatures
Of *Princes*, and their Minions; therefore, theſe
Make for them (as their Vaſſals, and their Debters)
Relgion and the *Lawes*, ev'n when they pleaſe.
And hence our ſtrifes, and all diviſions ſpring,
Twixt GOD and *us*, the *People* and the *King*.
We would not bar our Sov'raignes any power
Which fortifies, or dignifies the *Crowne*;
Nor loſe one lawfull priviledge that's our,
When we are well inform'd what is our owne.
The *Pope* did firſt make both *Lawes* and *Kings*:
And for their owne ſecuritie, did make them:
Then he that ſhall repute them, to be things
Ordain'd for other ends, doth much miſtake them.
Now for themſelves, if *Lawes* and *Kings* they made,
The *makers* had not been mad men, to intend,
They ſhould a *meaning*, or a *Power* have had
To make them uſeleſſe to their chiefeſt *End*.
And gave *Prerogatives*, or *meanings* to them,
That ſhould inſtead of ſaving, helpe *undoe* them.
True Reaſon, therefore warrants me to ſay,
That when we ſee the *Law* a *ſenſe* doth give,
Which taketh any publike right away;
Or ſtretcheth ſo the Kings *Prerogative*,
As that the Kingdome is oppreſt thereby,
Or, of the publike ſafety brought in feare;
Or, doubtfull of approaching tyrannie;
Or, lyable to miſchiefes may appeare:
That ſenſe of *Law* is falſe; uſurped be
All ſuch *Prerogatives*: And not by *time*,

Or frequent *preſidents*, oblig'd are we,
To let our freedomes, be infring'd by them:
But we ſhould clim, and take what proveth our,
As oft, as God ſhall give us means and power.
Though ſome Hiſtorians, and the flattring *Pen*,
Have ſtil'd the *Norman CONQVEROR*; nor he,
Nor any one before him, or ſince then,
Can ſay, that we a conquer'd *Nation* be.
For by a *Compoſition*, and on termes
Becomming *Free men*, we remain'd poſſeſt
Of *Liberty*; and *William* threw down armes,
Accepting of that ſhare we valued leaſt.
And, had we not as well by *Oath* as *Word*
Been re-inveſted in our *Native-right*,
That which we loſt unjuſtly, by the *Sword*,
At all times, by the *Sword* attempt we might,
To re-poſſeſſe, when GOD maks warrantable,
That interprize, by making of us able.
For this I partly fight: not with the *King*;
But, with thoſe *Miſcreants* who ſeek our harme:
And, his abuſed *Name*, and perſon, bring
Vnwarie people, by faire ſhowes, to charme,
And ere they ſhall accompliſh their intent
By ſlaving Him, their projects to befriend:
Or by diſhon'ring of the *Palliament*;
My life time in this *Quarrell*, I will ſpend,
Or, if I muſt unhappily ſurvive
To ſee our *Engliſh Honour* overthrowne,
I will not (if I may avoid it) live
To be a ſlave, where I did freedome owne.
Nor willingly, in any Land remaine,
In which a *Tyrant* (call'd a King ſhall reigne.
This *Quarrell* above thirty yeares before
The *Sword* was drawne, I fought in with my *Pen*,
Till I by *Tyrannie* was made ſo poore,

As

As that they thought, I ne're ſhould riſe agen,
Without an *Armie*, or a *Parliament*
To ſide withall; without an able friend;
Without reward, without incouragement,
To further that which I did well intend:
Nay, ſtrugling through much envie and deſpight,
That *Warfare* I continue to this houre:
And, in this *Warefare* am reſolv'd to fight,
Whilſt I to hold a *Sword* or *pen*, have power
Till I have compaſt, what in hope, I have;
Or brought my tired bodie to the *Grave*.
For peradventure we are grown ſo bad,
So falſe to God, ſo falſe in ev'rie thing,
Both to our ſelves, and others; and have had
So many *Mercies*, whence, no fruits doe ſpring,
That, God will give this preſent *Generation*,
To be what moſt deſerve and ſome deſire;
Ev'n to be ſlaves to that *Abhomination*,
With which their lives are doomed to expire.
If ſo then am I called to this fight,
But only that my dutie might be done:
And in this manner have been moved to write.
That for our ſin, excuſe we may have none:
And, God's great *Worke* which he will bring about,
Shall be delay'd till this vile *Race* be out,
Then ſhall the age to come, pick up and gather
Theſe droppings of my *Pen*, which now they ſcorne;
And wonder men eſteemed them no rather:
And pitie thoſe afflictions I have borne.
Then they ſhall ſcan each Page, and every Line,
And finde rak'd up among my *Vanities*,
Expreſſions, which will ſhow, that *Sparks* divine
Of *Heavenly-fire* in earthly Cinders lies,
Then, they ſhall come to underſtand and know,
That many future things I did behold,

Beſide that one, which is acknowledg'd, now,
To be fulfilled, as it was foretold.
But, *Muſe*, thou art almoſt without the *Liſt*:
Returne againe to thy *Antagoniſt*.
Thou chargeſt us, *Deluſion*, with ſuch things
As no way correſpond with our intentions,
And proofe whereof, no creature living brings:
For they indeed are meerly thy inventions.
The goods of none we ceaze, or ſequeſtrate,
Becauſe, they to the King, are faithfull friends:
But, for their faithfulneſſe unto the *State*,
And ſerving *Him*, to baſe and evil ends.
Nor of our *Soveraigne*, cenſure we amiſſe:
But them we rightly judge, that him miſguide:
For in his actions, that which evil is,
To them pertaines, who draw his heart aſide.
In publike acts, *The King can doe no Wrong*,
Becauſe, unto his Counſel they belong.
The King can doe no wrong, as he is *King*:
For, GOD ordained, and man did intend,
Him, not to hurt, or plagues on them to bring',
But, for their good, and men to defend.
The *King* as *King*, *can doe no wrong*, becauſe
He can doe nothing, but, what he may doe
According to divine, and humane Lawes:
And what the *Publike-peace* invite him to.
The King an doe no Wrong: becauſe, that ere
He doth as *King* is never duely done,
But by ſome publike Vote, or Officer,
Or they conſenting, if he act alone.
For all he doth, whence any wrong proceeds,
Are not his Royall, but his private deeds,
The King can doe no Wrong: For, if there be
Injuſtice done; his Officers are they
Who doe it: and by *Law* they onely be

Accomptable,

Accomptable. And therein, praiſe I may
The wiſedome of our *Lawes*, for, had there beene
By them, provided Legall *Puniſhment*
For *Kings*: no man would be a *King*, I weene,
But he that could not ſuch a Lot prevent.
For were it ſo, that if *Court-Paraſites*
Corrupt young Kings, and draw them to command
That ſin, whereto their ill advice invites,
Kings at the Barre, for their offence, might ſtand:
And they might free themelves for ev'ry thing
Which they miſ-doe, and lay it on the *King*.
And who would be their Officers, if *Kings*
Were lyable to Legall puniſhment
In perſon (as a Subject) for the things
Miſ-done, by their commandment, or aſſent:
For, if they ſhall be *Tyrants*, or ſuch *Princes*,
As make but little conſcience of their way,
Whom will they not accuſe of thoſe offences,
To free themſelves from ſuffering, if they may?
And then, though they accuſe men innocent,
Who would not thinke a King ſhould be believ'd
Before his Vaſſall? and appeare content,
He thereby, ſhould from ſuffering be repriev'd?
Yea. great abſurdities from thence might flow,
If *Law* conceiv'd, the King a wrong might doe.
The King can doe no wrong: and therefore, thoſe
Who ſhall his perſonall commands obey,
In ought, which doth his *Legall Will* oppoſe,
Should beare alone, that paine the Law doth lay:
Becauſe the Law of nothing elſe takes heed,
But onely of thoſe things that it commands,
Or of thoſe evils which it doth forbid:
And for no private *will* or *pleaſure* ſtands,
The King can doe no wrong: for it deſtroyes
The *Eſſence of a King*: and doth deprive

Of ev'ry *Priviledge* vvhich he injoyes
By virtue of a *Kings Prerogative.*
And from Allegiance frees in ev'ry thing,
Which he commands, beſeeming not a *King.*
For unto *Kings* is our *Allegiance* ſworne,
Not unto *Tyrants*, vvho ſhall fondly dreame
That *Kingdomes* have beene made, and *Subjects* borne
For nothing elſe, but to be ſlaves to them.
Yet, here miſtake me not: vve are not (tho
They tyrannize) from all Allegiance free:
But onely, from an Obligation to
Obedience, in thoſe things that lawleſſe be,
We, to their *legall wills and pleaſures*, ever,
Muſt yeeld ſubmiſſion; and vvith due reſpects,
In ev'ry act of Loyaltie perſever:
And leave to GOD, their perſonall defects.
For, well enough great miſchiefes it prevents,
When *Law* takes hold of all their *Inſtruments.*
What, can a King, to harme the Publike doe
In his owne perſon? If by *Law* we may
Lay hold on thoſe, that counſell him unto
A wrong? and thoſe whom he ſhall miſ-employ;
If in the *lawfull power*, a RIGHT there be;
And, therewith, STRENGTH enough to ſeize on *Them*?
He hurts us not. And if too weake are we,
What get we, though the Law might puniſh *Him*?
Then, as his *Perſon* by our *Law* is freed
From ev'ry violence (except from that
Which may reſtraine his *Perſon* from a deed
Deſtructive to his *Perſon*, or the *State*)
So be it ever free. And bleſt be thoſe,
That ſerve him with true ſervice, where he goes.
We no man charge with Treaſons, none we blame,
That guiltleſſe is of his imputed crime,
And free from juſt ſuſpitions of the ſame;

As

As will be rendred manifeſt in time.
The King from all aſperſions cleare would we,
Which without publike damnage might be hid,
Though to himſelfe thoſe things aſſum'd hath he,
Which (as a King) we know, he never did.
What earthly wiſedome can a means deviſe
His honour to preſerve, againſt his will?
Or do him right, that hearkens unto lies?
Yet this we to our pow'r endeavour ſtill.
And free we are, from being juſtly blam'd;
For having, wilfully the King defam'd.
We none ſeduce, but labour how vve may
Prevent ſeducements; by right informations;
And, thoſe effects, to change; or take away,
Which may ariſe from lying Declarations.
By us, no Member of the *Parliament*
Was driven thence: But for their private ends,
Vnworthily ſome from that ſervice went;
Which ev'ry worthy Member ſtill attends.
Some to the King repair'd in hope to get
A Tittle: Some becauſe they had miſ-done
Some wanted honeſty ſome, wanted wit;
Some went, becauſe their Miſtreſſes were gone,
Some fled for companie; and ſome did fly,
(If I am not deceiv'd) they knew not why.
Thus much I know; that *He*, who led them forth:
And they who follow'd *Him*, in hope to finde
A *Cloud* to hide their Project, in the North;
Did leave us not ſo ſottiſh, nor ſo blinde,
But that we found their aimes; and ſoon perceiv'd;
What tales they meant; the people ſhould believe;
What hooks they baited, and what webs they weav'd
The (ſoone-miſguided) people to deceive.
And, he, that will, may know, that neither *They*
Who follow'd neither *He*; that went before.

Knew Reaſon, why he ſhould depart away:
For here he might have ſtayed, honour'd more.
More ſafe, more fear'd, more lov'd, more happy here.
Then they or we, by their departure were.
Could any, but meer impudence averre
That nothing of our due the King denies?
When they who chiefe in our Oppreſsions are,
Are at this day moſt favour'd in his eyes?
Can vve have hope our ſafties to enjoy,
When they are ſtill his Counſel, who intend
Our lawfull Rights, and freedomes to deſtroy?
And thither all their force and cunning bend?
Is true *Religion* like to be maintain'd?
While they, who innovated every day.
(And have their old affections, yet reſtrain'd?
And kept in hope, their former partes to play?
Or can we thinke the popiſh Generation
Are armed, for our Religions preſervation?
Can vve have in us, either heart, or Braines,
If we believe this? when to minde we call
How great a multitude of ſoules complaines,
Which in the *Iriſh-Maſſacre* did fall?
If we propoſe before our cares and eyes,
The horrid murthers of our brethren there,
Their feares, their ſad diſtractions, and their cryes,
VVhen, by their Butchers, they ſurpriſed were.
How terrible it was, when they beheld
Their bloudie neighbours, rudely ruſhing in,
And ſaw, perhaps their deare companions kil'd
By thoſe, with whom they had familiar bin,
Yea, ſaw, before they doubted cauſe of feare.
A murth'er or a miſchiefe, ev'ry-where;
If we remember, that the mazed Father,
And trembling mother, in the VVinter-night,
VVere forc'd in haſte, without their cloathes, to gather,
Their

Their children up, and with them take the flight,
Through fields and bogs, and woods, with naked feete,
Leſſe fearing thirſt, and hunger froſt and ſnow,
Then with thoſe curſed *Edomites* to meete,
Who neither man-hood, nor compaſsion know.
If we conſider, why they firſt began
Their helliſh Tragedie; how great a flood
In ev'ry *Iriſh* towne, and village, ran
Of harmeleſſe Proteſtant, and Engliſh blood;
How in their tortures, and their feares, they joy'd,
And what great numbers they had ſcoue deſtroy'd.
If we conſider this, and that a *Nation*
So bloodie-minded, and profeſsing too
A worſhip, which is our abomination,
Should by his Majeſtie be favour'd ſo,
That after all their miſchiefe, all their ſpoile
And cruelties, committed in that Land,
They ſhould be called over to this *Ile*,
To kiſſe (with good reſpect) the Royall-hand.
Can we, theſe things conſid'ring ſymptomes finde,
That ought for us, but miſchiefe is intended,
To ſoule and bodie? Can we have a minde
So ſottiſh, as to hope to be befriended
In our Religion, by the Kings protection?
While ſuch as theſe, have place in his affection?
Maintaineth he our *Lawes*, as he hath ſworne,
When he maintaines *Law-breakers* in deſpight
Of common equitie? And as in ſcorne
Of Juſtice, at the roote of Law doth ſmite?
Or, doth he keepe his oath, though he alone
Allowes of Lawes enacted heretofore?
If he to us denies, as he hath done,
What might ſecure the common ſafety more?
Or, hath he done his duety, in denying
His, and the Kingdomes Counſell, to embrace?

Or,

Or, in imprudent, and unjuſt complying
With Paraſites, to his, and their diſgrace?
Or, valuing men of Raſcall reputations?
Before the wiſeſt of three noble Nations?
No change in *Church* or *Common-Wealth* we crave,
But vvhat *Gods word*, and Reaſon ſhall allow.
That we are bound to ſeeke, and ought to have;
And vvhat that is, hereafter you ſhall know.
Our *Church-mens* honour vve envied not;
But could, vvhat they enjoyed, have allow'd,
Had it beene rightly us'd, and fairly got.
But they have long beene lazie, falſe, and proud.
And I foretold them many yeares agoe,
The courſe they tooke, in hope thereby to ſtand,
Should cauſe their fall. And if it now be ſo;
It is the worke of God Almighties hand:
And ſince it proves, their honour did them hurt,
I am content, to ſee it in the durt.
The King is not obliged to uphold.
Their outward pompe, vvhen his great Councell ſhall
Informe, that if the ſame abide it ſhould,
It may become the ruining of all.
Him, doth his Oath, or Place, ingage, to cheriſh
A rotten Member? though by doing ſo,
The vvhole *Republike* may grow ſicke and periſh?
Or *Piety* receive her overthrow?
Or ſhould vve fancie, that the *Law* intended,
This *Realmes* whole Bodie, ſhould not be believ'd?
When they complain'd of that which them offended?
And told which way, they beſt might be reliev'd?
Or can he thinke, his Oath he broken had,
When they ſhall him atquit, for whom't was made?
When, on the Prelates, *Law* did firſt confirme
Their Dignities; the common people thought
They came from GOD: ſo wiſely they could charme,

To

To compaſſe for themſelves, the things they ſought.
And every age brought forth a man or two,
Whoſe knowledge, and whoſe pietie made way
For them, who came another worke to doe;
And whoſe firſt founder now, diſcerne we may.
Then ſince we now diſcover them to be
Not *Chriſts* Apoſtles, as we once believ'd,
But Engines for the *Papall Monarchie*,
And hypocrites, by whom we were deceiv'd:
Why ſhould we now ſuppoſe we doe them wrong,
To take away what they have kept too long?
Why ſhould we thinke it ſacrilege or ſin,
To take both wealth and dignities away
From thoſe, to whom they never due have bin?
From ſuch as would the Cauſe of CHRIST betray?
Why ſhould his Jewels by his foes be worne?
Why on his bread ſhould Droans and Robbers feed?
To cloath a Wolfe, why ſhould a Sheep be ſhorne?
Or they be ſpared, whoſe fall is fore-decreed?
Let them learne true humilitie of CHRIST,
And ſtudie how in Spirit to be poore;
Their earthly honours will not then be miſt:
Their want of wealth will be a want no more:
And they ſhall honour GOD, and bleſſe the day,
In which he tooke their needleſſe traſh away.
It is my griefe that I am forc'd to bring
Thoſe reaſons of defence which may appeare
Reflecting on the honour of the *King*,
Which keepe I would from all aſperſions cleare.
But his deare *Favourites* have blended ſo
His *Acts* with their *deſignes*, and their, with his:
That we, their malice cannot fully ſhow,
Without ſome touch, on what he doth amiſſe.
And that conſider'd, makes their fault the greater;
And *Him* (though their ill-ſervice he approve)

To *them*, for, what they claime, the leſſe their depter;
Becauſe his *Honour* they but little love:
For (till theſe times) though *Courtiers* plaid the knave
They ſav'd their *Honours*, who them ſought to ſave.
But whatſoever, by the *Parliament*,
Or by my *Pen*, he ſeemeth to have loſt
In point of *Honour*; if he ſhall aſſent
To that, which will be nothing to his coſt,
But rather for his profit, let the ſame
Be at my hands requir'd; unleſſe I ſhall
Finde out not onely meanes, whereby his *Name*
Shall publikly ſtand faire, and cleare from all
Diſhonourable ſtaines; but alſo ſhew
How his, may, all his Predeceſſors glorie
Out-ſhine: and leave to times that ſhall enſue.
An everlaſting honourable Storie.
Which to believe, me thinkes, he ſhould be mov'd,
Since all I yet foretold him, true hath prov'd.
GODS will be done; within whoſe pow'rfull hands,
The hearts of *Princes* are, and let us wait
With patience till for us, his *Grace* commands
That aid, which makes things crooked be made ſtraight
Meane-while, we muſt not thoſe juſt meanes neglect,
Which to the publike ſafety may pertaine:
Nor ceaſe from doing good, though an effect,
Not purpos'd, make him cauſeleſly complaine.
Our Cauſe we muſt expoſtulate; that *We*
May to the world approve our innocence:
And that he may thereby informed be,
How little cauſe we give of juſt offence.
And to that end, to what I ſaid before,
In our defence, Ile adde a little more.
Though others may be fool'd with *Proteſtations*,
And words or oaths, which peradventure none,
Did vow, or make, but he whoſe Declarations

Have

Have lately for the *Kings*, among us gone.
The *Parliament* hath many piercing eyes,
That in the darke, diſcry their foes devices,
And by diſcovering of their Treacheries,
Ere they come forth, deſtroyes thoſe *Cockatrices*.
When miſchiefes are by *Providence* foreſeene,
And then prevented: they that would have done them,
Make Friends, and Fooles, believe they had not beene,
Becauſe they were deſtroy'd ere they begun them.
Yet ſome, who ſaw not where the *Foxes* went,
Can finde where they have haunted by their ſcent.
What things the King hath ſworne, I doe not heare;
But, ſhould he ſweare ten times, and ten times over,
There were no cauſe to dread, what yet we feare,
Me of that feare, his Oaths could not recover:
Or, though I ſhould believe, that he thought true
What he had ſworne: yet that ſhould me aſſure
That he his owne Deſignes ſhould ſtill purſue?
Or, that unchanged he ſhall ſtill endure?
And though his heart bide fixt, how can I know
That he ſhall ſtill have power to doe me right?
Since they who ſeeke his *Kingdomes* overthrow,
Alreadie are Commanders of his might?
And ſo prevailing, that, in him I ſee,
Nor *Will*, nor *Power*, his owne true friend to be?
Though others can beyond beliefe, believe,
And hope beyond all hope; I cannot yet,
In *Reaſonable things* permiſsion give
Vnto my *Fancie*, to beſoole my *Wit*,
In *Flights-divine*, my *Contemplation* flies,
Without reſtraint: But in all humane things,
My *Underſtanding* ſtill my *Iudgement* ties
To *Reaſons* principles; or clips her wings.
What ever therefore other doe, or ſay;
What ever ſounds, or ſhowes, I ſee, or heare,

Each

Each *Weightie-matter*, by it ſelfe, I weigh,
With ev'ry circumſtance, that may appeare:
And when that all things I have throughly prov'd.
I ſilent am, or ſpeake, as I am mov'd.
So did I in this *Cauſe*, before I dar'd
Reſolve upon the courſe, that I have tooke,
And ere I thither came, came ſo prepar'd,
That nothing to affright me can be ſpoke.
Though all for whoſe defence, I hither came,
Should uſe me worſe, then yet my foes hath done,
(As I already have beene us'd by ſome)
I would not leave the path I have begun,
But meerly for the juſtneſſe of the Cauſe,
And Conſcience ſake, performe my beſt endeavour,
To vindicate *Religion* and the *Lawes*.
And in this duetie, to my death, perſever;
That I may live to ſee our freedome ſav'd,
Or bravely die, before I am inſlav'd.
For though ſome, wilfully: and weakly, ſome
Object unto us, that in Primitive,
And purer ages *Chriſtians* did not come
With *Fire* and *Sword*, the Law of Faith to give:
Nor ſeeke by force of armes, to make defence
Againſt thoſe *Tyrants*, in whoſe lands they taught:
(Much leſſe, came arm'd, againſt their native *Prince*)
To ſettle that Religion which they brought.
This argument of theirs is but a cheat,
To cozen Innocencie with a ſhow
That's emptie: For, the difference is great
Betwixt their *Cauſe*, and that we mannage now:
Which I ſhould make more plainly to appeare,
But that too tedious for this place it were.
They had no *Partie*, to defend their Cauſe:
They came to preach, where Freedomes they had none:
They were not armed by their Countries Lawes,

And

And greatest good by suffering might be done;
To *Russia*, or to *Turkie* should I goe
Our *Faith* to publish there, the likeliest way
To setle it, would then be sufferance too,
And meekly on the blocke my head to lay.
Must therefore, we permit the *Whore of Rome*
To send her Bastards, and her fornicators?
(Whom Law forbids within our coasts to' come)
To teach her Baudrie to our sons and daughters?
And make the *Kings* and *Princes* of these Nations?
Drunke with the Fæces of her Fornications?
Because the *Martyrs* suffred by that *State*,
Whose setled way of *Worship* they gaine-said?
Must, down to those, who come to innovate
Our setled *Truth*, this *Kingdomes* necke be laid?
Shall we be able an account to render,
For our neglect; now we in danger see,
(Of *Romish-slaverie*) our *Faiths Defender*,
If we endeavour not to set him free?
Shall we sit still, and whine, when *Law* and *Reason*
Cryes out, *All-arme*? untill we be indeed,
Traitors by fearing Loyaltie is treason?
And bring both plagues and curses on our seed?
Doe as you please, my way to me is knowne,
And I will walke it, though I walke alone.
For, that without a partiall inclination,
(To either side) the right I might disclose,
It was, and is, my full determination,
To set aside respect of friends or foes.
And let me be, by both of them abhor'd,
If I now utter, and have uttered ought,
For private ends; or what shall not accord,
In ev'ry sentence, with a loyall thought.
To keepe me from *Delusion*, I have pray'd,
I have look'd up, *above me*, to discover

What

What notions may be downe to me convay'd,
Of thoſe things which above our heads doe hover.
And downe *below me*, I have caſt mine eyes,
To marke what Frogs may up from hell ariſe.
About me I have look'd on either ſide,
On diſagreeing and agreeing actions:
The manners, and the ſpeeches I have tride,
Of moſt Profeſsions, all Degrees, and Factions,
And from them all, have made, for my directions,
(And for my informations, in this Cauſe)
A chaine of Obſervations, and Collections,
From whence my *Iudgement* her concluſions drawes.
Behinde me, I have look'd, to take a view,
Of what was done, or ſuffred heretofore:
What did on *this*, vvhat did on *that* enſue:
What makes a Curſe, or Bleſsing, leſſe, or more.
And I have look'd *before me* too; and ſee
Events of things, that ſhall hereafter be.
I have conſider'd vvhat I had foreſeene,
In that great *Plague*, vvhich this Kings Reigne began:
VVhat I fore-told him; what fulfill'd hath been;
What courſes *He* and *His*, ſince that time ran.
I have conſider'd, why I did prefer
That *heartie-prayer* for *Him*, which yet ſtands
As regiſtred, in my *Remembrance*,
And hath beene publiſhed through all his Lands,
I have conſider'd well, what kinde of men
Were then his Counſellors; and who are now;
What *Parliaments*, and *Promiſes*, were then
Made void: and what effects from thence did flow.
How faſt injurious *Projects* were increaſt,
How cruelly the people were oppreſt.
I have well weigh'd what perſons were prefer'd
In *Church* and *Common-wealth*; and with what ſleight
Acceptance (if not with a diſregard)

All

All honeſt ſervices they did requite.
Their *Proclamations*, did from yeare to yeare,
Proclaime to me, much more then they intended
I ſhould have known. And, though I ſilent were,
I could have told, in what they ſhould have ended,
The Life, and ſudden Death of *Buckingham*,
The Voyages of *Rochel*, and of *Ree*;
And other things, whereto I privie am,
Were true *Prognoſtications* unto me:
And to my underſtanding, more foretold,
Then all the Conſtellations did unfold.
And though I live among the Countrey-Clowns,
(As one, who ſcarcely knew, or heeded ought)
The *Spaniſh-Fleet*, that periſh'd on the *Downes*,
I heard of; And to minde it ſome-what brought.
Sometimes, I have intelligence from *Roome*;
And, know what in the *Conclave* hath been done.
I have obſerved other men, to come
On buſineſſe thence, as well as *Senior Con*,
I know *Archbiſhop Laud*, and he knows me,
The worſe for him, by many hundred pounds;
For which I recompenced looke to be.
When he, againe, at *Lambeth* walks his Rounds.
And, I for theſe, though they ſuppoſe not ſo,
Some Reaſons drew, for that, which now I doe.
I heard, of what, within their *Cabinet*,
The *Machiavillian-Counſellors* debate;
And, informations, other while did get,
Of ill-preſaging ſecreſies of State,
The *German-horſe*, that ſhould have trotted hither.
Prodigious *Straffords* projects, deeds, and triall,
With other Charecters, ſpeld all together
Have ſhowne me *Truths* that can have no denyall.
And when my heart had rightly pondred theſe,
Weigh'd what they are; with whom we have to doe,

Their words, their hopes, their lives, their practices,
What things they ſeek, whom they belong unto,
With ſuch like notes, as theſe? me thinkes they be
All blinde men, who perceive not what I ſee.
And, when I had with theſe conſiderations,
Conſider'd too, for what a worthleſſe *Crew*,
The ſuits and cries of two moſt loyall Nations,
Have wanted thoſe effects which are their due:
That *He* who for the *Sheep*, his life ſhould give,
Can give them to the *Wolves*, and ſee them ſlaine:
That *He* who ſhould our grievances relieve,
Can adde unto our torment, and our paine:
That *He*, becauſe we feare his *Dogs* will bite,
(And for that reaſon, pray they may be ti'd)
Can therefore, let them looſe, and take delight
To ſee them kill, whom they have terrifide:
These things conſidered, me thinks, we wrong
The *Humane-nature* to be tame ſo long.
When I perceived our dear Countries *Father*,
So peremptorily affect his will,
That he would hazard three brave *Kingdomes*, rather,
Then his unlawfull pleaſure, not fulfill;
And, when I ſaw the *Devils*, who inſpire
This wilfulneſſe into him, ceaze the goods
Of his beſt ſubjects; their faire houſes fire;
Deflowre their *Virgins*, ſhed their *Old mens* bloods;
Betray their neareſt *Kinſmen*, ſlay their *Brothers*;
Deprive the blameleſſe *Infaints* of their lives;
Enſlave their *Fathers*, kill their frighted *Mothers*;
Abuſe their *Daughters*, and defile their *Wives*:
It griev'd me, that this *Iland* ſhould afford
One man for this Querrell drew no ſword.
But ſince I have conſidered, that, from ROME,
Theſe Plagues, theſe miſchiefes, theſe unhappy Warres,
And all our preſent miſeries, did come,

With

With our unequall'd *Iriſh-Maſſacres*:
And that (beſide the many thouſands here)
Well nigh two hundred thouſand *Proteſtants*,
Were ſlaine and rooted thence, within one yeare,
By thoſe, to whom the *King* high favours grants:
And ſince 'tis (not improbably) believ'd
That called are to be our Butchers too:
(If we permit our ſelves to be deceiv'd
Till they can compaſſe what they meane to doe)
Me thinks, we have not been ſo tame, as mad,
To have ſo ſlow a hand as we have had:
And, laſty, ſince I weigh'd that not alone
A plot is laid three *Kingdomes* to undoe,
But alſo, in their ſpoile, to have undone,
All other true *Reformed-Churches* too:
That *Gods* own glorie, and the ſervitude
Of Chriſtian ſoules is in this Cauſe concern'd;
From thence (whatever other will conclude
I, theſe Concluſions, with good Warrant, learn'd:
That thoſe whom in this *Warfare* we reſiſt,
Are neither worſe, nor better, but thoſe *Bands*,
And thoſe *Confederates* of ANTICHRIST,
Which are to be his *Champions*, in theſe Lands.
And, that, whoever fighteth on their ſide,
When this is known, hath GOD, & CHRIST denn'd.
I ſee, as plainly as I ſee the Sun, * *Rev.* 19.11.
He draweth nare, that on the * *White horſe* rides.
The Long expected *Battell* is begun:
The BEAST, to muſter up his *Kings* provides:
With him, with all his *Edomites* conſpire,
The ſeed of *Hagar*, and the ſonnes of *Lot*:
Philiſtia, *Gebal*, *Moab*, *Ammon*, *Tyre*,
And all that with his *Marke* themſelves beſpot,
Thoſe brave *White Regiments*, me thinks I ſee,
That on the LORD of Lords and KING of Kings;

Attending in triumphant habits be,
And which, with him, againſt our foes he brings.
Me thinks, I hear his * *Angel* call the *Crowes*, * *Rev.*
To eat the *Kings*, and *Captains*, of our foes. 19.17.
If this be ſo, as with a heart unfain'd,
I do believe it is: how brave a *Lot:*
Have we? that were before all worlds ordain'd,
To be, for ſouldiers, to the LAMB begot!
With what high courage ſhould we march along
Againſt this Foe? that being Conquerours,
We may with *Angels* ſing a *Triumph-Song*,
And, crowned ſit among Celeſtiall Powers?
Why ſhould we be afraid, to ſpeak or write,
What may, from this curſt *Army*, fetch our *King*?
Why ſhould we feare, to periſh in that fight,
Which will through *Death* to *Life* immortall bring?
Or, why ſhould any now, this work delay?
Or, doubt the truth of that, which here I ſay?
I beg no grace from *King*, or *Parliament*,
If an Impoſtor I ſhall prove to be:
Or, if men finde not, by the Conſequent,
That, GOD hath ſpoken to this Land by me:
And that the maine of all my Muſings were
Inſpir'd by Him; though often he permit
My fooliſhneſſe, among them, to appeare,
That nothing be aſcribed to my *Wit*
Excuſe I crave not, but a juſt correction,
Or, *Approbation* as my words may merit.
If an *ill ſpirit* hath been my direction;
What thereunto pertaines, let me inherit.
And if the truth be ſpoken, do not grieve me,
Without a cauſe, but hearken, and believe me,
Suppoſe not (my dear Contrimen) that here
I have been over-bold although you ſee
A bitterneſſe doth in my lines appear:

For

For in his Cauſe, great things concerned be:
It doth concerne our children and our wives.
The publike ſafetie, and the publike good:
The honour of our *Nation*, and our lives,
The juſt avengement of our brethrens blood:
The freedome of our perſons, and eſtates,
The honour and the ſafetie of our King:
Our preſent being, and our future fates,
And almoſt, everie other precious thing:
Yea, it concerns our ſouls: and more then ſo,
It highly doth concern GOD'S glory too.
Now then, for conſcience, or, for ſhame, begin
To call to minde the duties that ye owe:
Let what appears *Without*, be found *within*;
That, by your actions, we your hearts may know.
For your own ſakes (if not for GOD'S, and our)
Be zealous in the Cauſe you undertake:
Leſt you ere long, have neither meanes, nor pow'r,
Your peace with GOD. or *Them*, or *Vs*, to make,
For both to GOD, and *man*, above all creatures,
The moſt abhorred, are thoſe hypocrites,
Who can comply with diſagreeing natures,
Yet, falſe to all, but to their appetites.
Take therefore, counſell from a ſouldiers *Pen*:
And (while you may) be warn'd, be wiſe, be *men*,
Aſham'd, (if not a little mad) I am,
To ſee ſo many, in this Cauſe, ſo cold,
So falſe, ſo faint, ſo cowardly and tame,
That can in other Cauſes, be ſo bold.
And (not without affection) this, I ſay:
Should this good Cauſe miſcarrie, all our foes,
Are not more guilty of it then are they,
Who give it, unperceiv'd and ſecret blowes,
None do it ſo much dammage; nor ſo wrong us;
As they, who ſeem to be our faithfull friends;

They, who at meat, and counſell, ſit among us;
And ſerve the publique, for their private ends,
Our *Scæne* of *blond*, ere this, had els been done:
And, peradventure, never been begun.
In ev'ry Village, Town and Corporation,
Let all that are true Proteſtants proſeſt,
Let ev'ry *Canton, Province Tribe*, and *Nation*,
Which doth againſt th. *Romiſh whore* proteſt.
A timely *League*, with one another make;
Vnite themſelves by firme *Aſſociations*;
And by a ſacred *Covenant*, courſes take
Both by their joint, and ſeverall preſervations,
And to be ſure, they make a firme defence
Againſt their foes fierce fury and deſpight:
Let them be cloath'd with *Love* and *Innocence*,
Arm'd with that armour; wherewith Chriſtians fight;
And, be prepared, alwayes, to reſiſt
The *Body*, and the *Limbs* of *Antichriſt*,
Feare not the furie of your preſent foes,
For by their mixture; you diſcover may
They are but part of that great *Statues*, toes,
Whoſe *Feet* were made of *Iron* and of *Clay*.
If they receive but one good knocke, or twaine,
The *Clay* and *Iron*, will devided be:
The *Proteſtant* will be himſelf againe
For *Light* and *Darkneſſe* never can agree.
Though *horn'd*, but like the *Lamb*, they yet appeare,
(Pretending to be arm'd for innocence)
Their *Voices* doe diſcover what they are;
And that the *Dragons Creature* is their *Prince*.
Oh therefore as you love your preſervation,
Give eare, ye *Britans*, to this *Proclamation*.
CHARLES *by the grace of* GOD *the Soveraign King,*
Of ENGLAND. SCOTLAND. IRELAND, *and of* France
Intending in his heart no other thing,

But

But, how his Regall power *he might advance.*
In that purſuit a little ſtraying from
His faithfull Parliament *through ill advice.*
Was by an Ambuſcado *ſent from* ROME,
Surprized lately, in a traiterous wiſe:
And (whereof all good Subjects ſhould have ſenſe)
Impriſon'd lyes; Where both his eyes and eares,
So poyſoned are by falſe Intelligence,
That nothing he now truely ſees or heares,
As by thoſe Actions, which his name doe beare,
It may, and will apparently appear.
Moreover, they have in deſpight of Law,
Advanc'd a Popiſh Army, by ſome ſhowes
Of what they purpoſe not) and daily draw
The Proteſtants, *each other to oppoſe:*
And have ſo fairly cov'red their intention,
That what they could not by themſelves, have wrought,
We now aſſiſt, them, in till paſt prevention,
Their Plot, and our deſtruction ſhall be brought.
Come therefore, O all ye! that are profeſt
The ſonnes of Reformation Come away.
From giving your aſſiſtance to the BEAST,
Leſt, in his Judgement, *you be ſwept away.*
On paine of ruine, Come, and help to bring.
Our Sov'raigne home: And ſo, God ſave the King.
Let him, that would a *Chriſtian-man* appeare,
His drowzie Soule away, and rouſe his *Faith.*
Let him that hath an eare to heare, give eare
To that, which through my Trunk, the *Spirit* ſaith:
And curſed let him be, till he repent
(His wilfulneſſe) that when he heares this *Muſe,*
And feeles his heart, inclining to aſſent.
(To what is *true*) her counſell ſhall refuſe.
Accurſed let him be, on like condition,
That through a *Selfe-conceit* or thorow *Pride,*

Shall

Shall blaſt theſe uſefull Muſings, with ſuſpition
Of ill intents, or my juſt hopes deride;
Or by his envie, malice or neglect,
Deprive *them* of their purpoſed effect.
Accurſed let thoſe *Townes*, and *Cities* be.
Which willing entertainment did afford
To our *Purſuers*: and, were glad to ſee
Their Armies with them, both at Bed, and Board.
The curſe of *Meroz* and thoſe execrations,
Which to her baſe inhabitants befell,
Alight on their *Maglignant-habitations*
And, that of *Succoth*, and of *Penuel*:
Till they with ſhame and ſorrow ſhall repent
Their falſhood to themſelves, and to their friends:
Their falſhood to the *King* and *Parliament*:
And help to bring thoſe *Traitors* to their ends.
And let all places which have done their beſt
Againſt thoſe *Rebels*; be for ever bleſt.
And (if my *Sentence*, which is here recorded
May paſſe for good) let ev'ry one of thoſe
That hath for any ſervices been *Lorded*,
Wherein, their GOD, or *Countrey* they oppoſe,
Weare his *falſe bag of Honour*, ev'rie where,
With infamie, with beggerie and ſcorne;
With terrible vexations, and with feare,
Till his unworthy *Name* away be worn:
Or, till by ſome apparent penitence,
By GOD a pardon ſhall to him be given:
And then, let all his folly and offence,
Remitted be on earth, as 'tis in heaven.
And, ſo let all the reſt, by my conſent,
Like mercy finde, as ſoon as they repent,
For, we are all tranſgreſſors: he that's beſt
Is bad, and but a Briar, or a Thorne.
He that among us hath tranſgreſſed leaſt,

Deſerves

Deſerves more plagues, then he that's worſt hath born,
He that hath much offended hath perchance,
Not out of wilfullneſſe offenſive bin:
But through temptation or through ignorance?
For which, true penitence may *mercie* win.
Yea, ſome, perhaps, who moſt of all offend,
Were left to their corruptions, for our crimes,
And, when we ſhall our wicked lives amend,
They ſhall repent, and we have better times
Yet, ſtill, moſt bleſſed be thoſe *men*, and *places*,
Who, from this *Battell*, have not turn'd their faces,
For ever bleſſed, and renown'd for ever,
Let *Glo'ſter* be; that being far from aid,
Did in her firmneſſe, glorioufly preſever,
When round her walls, the *King* his armie laid.
For ever, let the Towne of *Mancheſter*
Be bleſt and famous; that with ſlender *Guard*,
Without a *neighbouring ſecond* (and well neare
Without all helps) her dangers all out-dar'd:
And by GODS aid, alone, did trample downe
The power, and pride of *Darbies* armed Son:
Yea, where the *Popiſh-Faction* ſtrong'ſt was grown,
Prevail'd, in ſpight of all that ſpight had done:
And, hopefull bides, that *He*, who did befriend
Her paines, thus far, will bleſſe it to the end.
And farre above them all, renown'd and bleſſed
Let *London* be, who for the preſervation
Of three great *Kingdomes*, wofully diſtreſſed,
Hath acted things begetting admiration.
For ever let her *Bounty*, and her *Zeale*,
Her *Conſtancie*, her *Counſels*, and her *Prayers*,
Her *Valour* alſo for the *Common-weale*,
When we were almoſt ſunk into deſpaires:
Let all theſe be remembred, to her glorie:
And let her high deſervings, by the ſame,

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Let all theſe be remembred, to her glorie:
And let her high deſervings, by the ſame,

Be ſo recorded in ſome well writ Storie,
That all great Cities may envie her fame.
And ſo to honour her, let us agree,
That, all her praiſes, to GODS praiſe, may be.
Let all thoſe *Worthies* alſo, that have done,
Or ſuffred, bravely, for the *Common good*,
In this great *Cauſe* (untill *Times* round is run)
Be bleſt, and honour'd in their Names, and *Blood*.
Let valiant *Eſſex*, *Warwicke*, *Mancheſter*,
Stout *Fairfax*, *Waller*, *Roberts*, *Brooke*, and *Gray*,
(Who foreward for the publike ſafety were)
Be crowned with a never-dying Bay.
So crowne *Fane Skippon*, *Mericke*, *Stapleton*,
With *Hampden*, *Maſſey*, *Bruerton* and *Gell*:
The Engliſh and the Scottiſh *Middleton*,
My noble, and my valiant Colonell
And, let not malice, time nor death, be able,
To make them leſſe then good, and honourable.
Remembred be, with an heroick fame,
Balfore, and *Ramſey*, *Cromwell* and *D'Albere*:
The *Meldroms* and he chiefly of that Name,
Whoſe worth did in relieving *Hull* appeare.
Let mention'd be with *honourable men*,
Much-daring *Luke*, and *Hazzlerigg* the bold:
Albrige, *Browne*, *Barkely*, *Holborne*, *Harvey*, *Ven*,
Brooke, *Norton*, *Springer*, *Morley*, *More*, and *Gold*
To all of thoſe whoſe worth ſhall reall be,
Let reall honours be: and be it ſo,
To all of good deſert, unknown to me?
Of whom they are, I hope ſome thouſands moe,
Whoſe memorie ſhall never be forgot,
Though, here to name them, I remember not,
And if, among thoſe *Names*, a Name be found
To any man pertaining, who is known
In his affection, to this *Cauſe*, unſound;

Or, who intendeth falſhood, yet unſhown:
Let that mans *mention*, and his *naming* here,
Inſtead of honouring him, a meanes become
To make his infamie the more appeare;
Or, his ill purpoſes divert him from:
And draw him, ſo ſincerly to endeaveur
The publike ſafetie, that my ignorance
Of his firſt failing, may now make him ever.
Induſtriouſly the *Right-full Cauſe* advance;
And thanke providence, who from mine eare,
Thoſe failings kept, whereof ſome others heare.
Let them, that all hereafter counted be
Moſt honourable perſons, never more
Be they, who ſhew the longeſt Pedegree,
From Kings, and Conquerours, as heretofore:
But ſuch as are moſt worthie: and next them,
Their Off-ſpring, who were *Patrons* for this *Cauſe*.
And let them ſhare more honour, and eſteeme,
Then he that his diſcent from Princes drawes.
For if it may ennoble to be borne
Of thoſe, who out of avarice or pride,
From others wrongfully, their lands have torne:
How much more, ought they to be dignified,
That from the loynes of Parents, are deſcended,
Whoſe *Swords*, their *Countrey*, *King* & *Faith* defended
And to make full my bleſsing: three times bleſſed,
Be ev'ry Member of the *Parliament*,
Which hath not beene unwillingly oppreſſed,
With burthens, our undoing to prevent.
Bleſt be their conſtancie, and bleſt their paines,
With ſafetie credit, and with conſolations,
And withall bleſſedneſſe which appertaines,
To make them happie through all *Generations*.
And bleſſed be the *King*, with ſuch an heart,
And ſuch a reſolution, to retire

To us in love: that he may have a part
In all that bliſſe, which we our ſelves deſire.
And that from theſe our troubles, I may raiſe
A Trophie, to his honour, and GODS praiſe.
Before, my tongue had finiſh'd this defence,
To warrant my ingagement: that *Deluſion*
Which had ſo hotely charg'd me, ſneaked thence,
And ſtaid not, to give eare to my concluſion.
Her forces vaniſhed (and ſhe with them)
Conſiſting chiefly, of their Sophiſtries,
Who had been preſt, out of that *Academ*,
In which the Magazine of miſchiefe lyes.
It was firſt founded for a Court of *Knowledge*,
A ſchoole of duties morall and divine)
And to that end, had many a goodly *Colledge*,
To nurſe up youth, by prudent Diſcipline.
But 'twas of late, a neſt of Birds uncleane;
And is now made the Wolves and Lyons den.
My Foe departing, I began to ſleight
His Trenches and the Forts which he had rear'd:
Thoſe *Engiens* likewiſe I demoliſh'd quite,
That make young Souldiers of their force afeard,
And was a lieſer then, my ſelfe to pleaſe,
With other thoughts; and thither to retreat.
Where I might be refreſht, and take mine eaſe,
With ſuch proviſions, as my men could get,
My *Quarter* was the *Field*. my *Tent* and Bed,
A well made *Barley-cocke*: the Canopie
And Curtaines, which to cover me were ſpread,
No meaner then the ſtarre-beſprinkled skie.
GOD ſet the Watch; the Guard he alſo kept,
And without harme, or feare, I ſafely ſlept.
Next morne before the dawning of the day,
My heart awoke; and warm'd with GODS protection,
(And with his love) did praiſe him, and aſſay,

To

To meete him with reciprocall affection.
My purpose he accepted, and descended
To imp the wings, that mount my contemplation:
And kindly, raised, strengthned, and befriended
My soule by sweete, and usefull Meditations:
With musing on things *Present*, on things *Past*,
And things to *come*, he exercis'd my thought.
Some of his *Mercies*, gave my soule a taste;
Of *sin* and *judgement*, some the relish brought.
By some, I did my private duties learne,
And some the *Publike-safety* did concerne.
One RAY, forth-darting from his pow'r divine,
(Whose way of working cannot well be told)
Infus'd into my heart, an high *Designe*,
Which with good liking now, I might unfold.
But harke! the *Trumpet* calls me to the field:
My horses are all readie at the doore,
Place to the *Sword*, my *Pen* againe must yeeld:
At better leasure, I may tell you more.
To what I further purpose to declare,
This for an *Intraduction* is prepar'd:
And if I finde, you so well temper'd are,
That more (with hope of profit) may be heard:
I'le tell you *Newes*, Which yet is but a *Dreame*,
And VOX PACIFICA, shall be my *Theame*.
A *Voice*, not of a vaine *Pacification*,
Form'd out of *Ecchoes*, or uncertaine sounds
But, of a *Peace*, of whose blest confirmation,
There shall be likely *Hopes*, and reall *Grounds*,
A *Voice*, of some-what imitating his,
Who (to prepare the great MESSIAH's way)
Became a *Cryer in the Wilderneſſe*:
And to beget *Repentance*, will assay,
A *Voice*, that shall prepare the way of Peace.
A *Peace* that shall with *Righteousneſſe* embrace,

And

And by their ſweet imbracements, more increaſe
The peace of *Conſcience*, and the Peace of *Grace*,
A PEACE, which (if my hopes effect I can)
Shall reconcile us both to GOD, and MAN,
A PEACE, not cloſing up a feſtring ſore,
To caſe, but for a while, the preſent ſmart:
And making afterward, the torments more,
By ſpreading mortall *Gangreves*, to the heart.
A PEACE, that by a true-love knot ſhall knit
Three NATIONS, with ſuch nearneſſe, into ONE,
That nothing ſhall have power to looſen it,
But, wilfull ſin, impenitently done.
A PEACE, which to the *People*, and the *King*,
Shall (if nor hundred by ſome *Crying-ſin*)
Truth, honour, Wealth power, reſt, and ſafety bring:
And keep us everlaſtingly therein.
This PEACE I ſeek; this *Peace* that GOD may ſend,
My ſoule doth pray; and ſo theſe MUSINGS end.

Six dixit, qui ſic cogit avit;
Et, prædicando quod putavit:
Haud multum peccat, ſi peccavit.

All the Glorie be to GOD.